

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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BRITISH CATHEDRALS

YORK MINSTER

"The Greatest Curiosity for Windows"

William the Conqueror brought both fire and sword to the ancient city of York. The sharp steel conquered; the flames destroyed; and when the last sparks had flown upwards into the sooty pall over the stricken city the Saxon minster of York was a charred ruin. Some twelve years later a Norman Archbishop, Thomas of Bayeux, began the building of the new Cathedral upon the ruins of the old—a work that continued for nearly four hundred years.

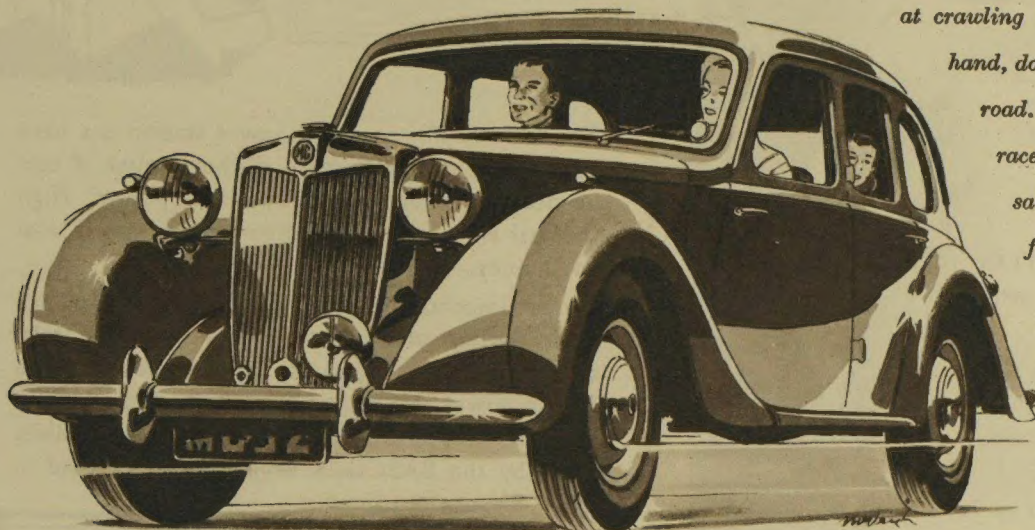
Today this great church—which dominates a city rich in ancient building—bathes the visitor in the colour and glow of its medieval, stained-glass windows, of which the most famous are the five, long, narrow lancets, the "Five Sisters". Legend says that its beautiful patterns were copied from needlework made some seven hundred years ago by five maiden ladies. Perhaps these windows are the Cathedral's greatest glory for they have delighted and astonished the most travelled and curious. In her "Journals" Celia Fiennes, the celebrated 17th century traveller, says "in the Minster there is the greatest curiosity for Windows I ever saw—they are so large and so lofty . . . more than I ever saw anywhere else . . ." Her simple description is tribute enough, for such beauty as theirs can never truly be conveyed by any other medium.



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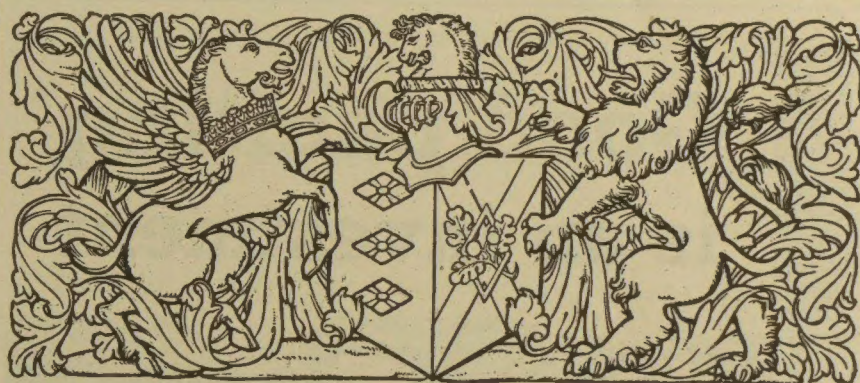
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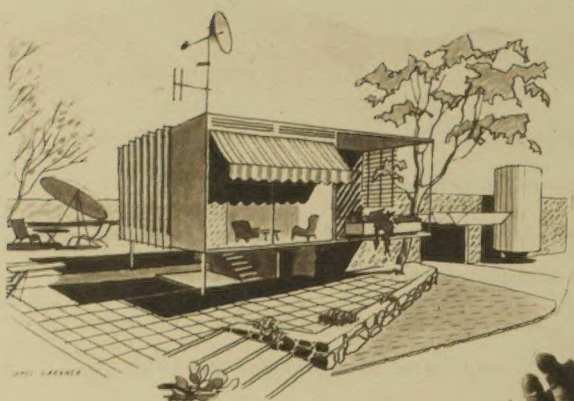
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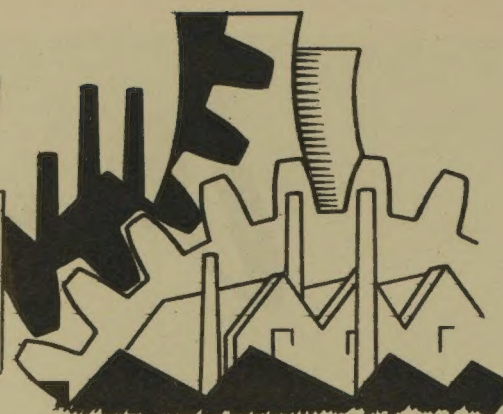
House on the cards

However conveniently you live (thanking TI for ready hot water, well cooked dinners and well ironed shirts) the future holds surprises. There seems quite a chance that the house of tomorrow will draw all its heat from the soil in the garden . . . that your telephone will take messages by night and pass them on in the morning . . . that your food will be cooked by radio-frequency waves. It's by no means impossible that your clothes will be cleaned by sound instead of soap. . . . What's the link between scientific principles and practical politics? Component parts. When TI is consulted about the components, good ideas take shape.

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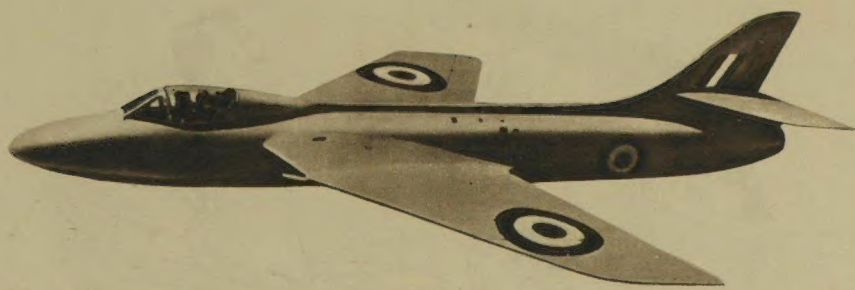
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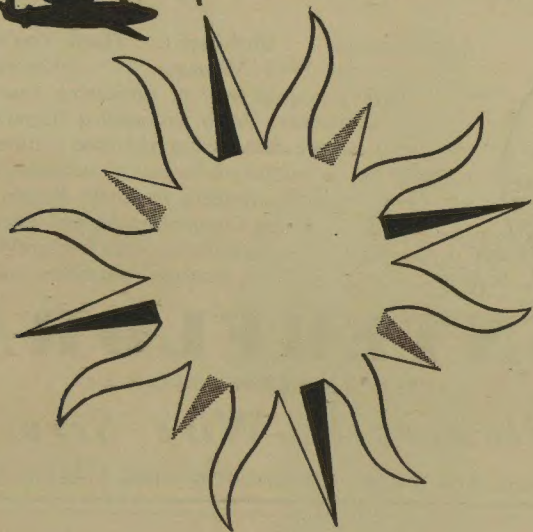
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*"...has decided on a scheme
to modernize the docks
at a cost of..."*



With the brief news announcement that an important scheme of works is to be put in hand, there begins a period of intense activity for those who are to carry out the task. Frequently Vickers are called in, for they have been supplying equipment for docks, harbours, railways and other large-scale projects since before the memory of this generation. These are not, by any means their only activities, for the engineering skill and resources of the Vickers Group also contribute to progress in many secondary industries, including soap, paint, brewing, printing, and plastics.

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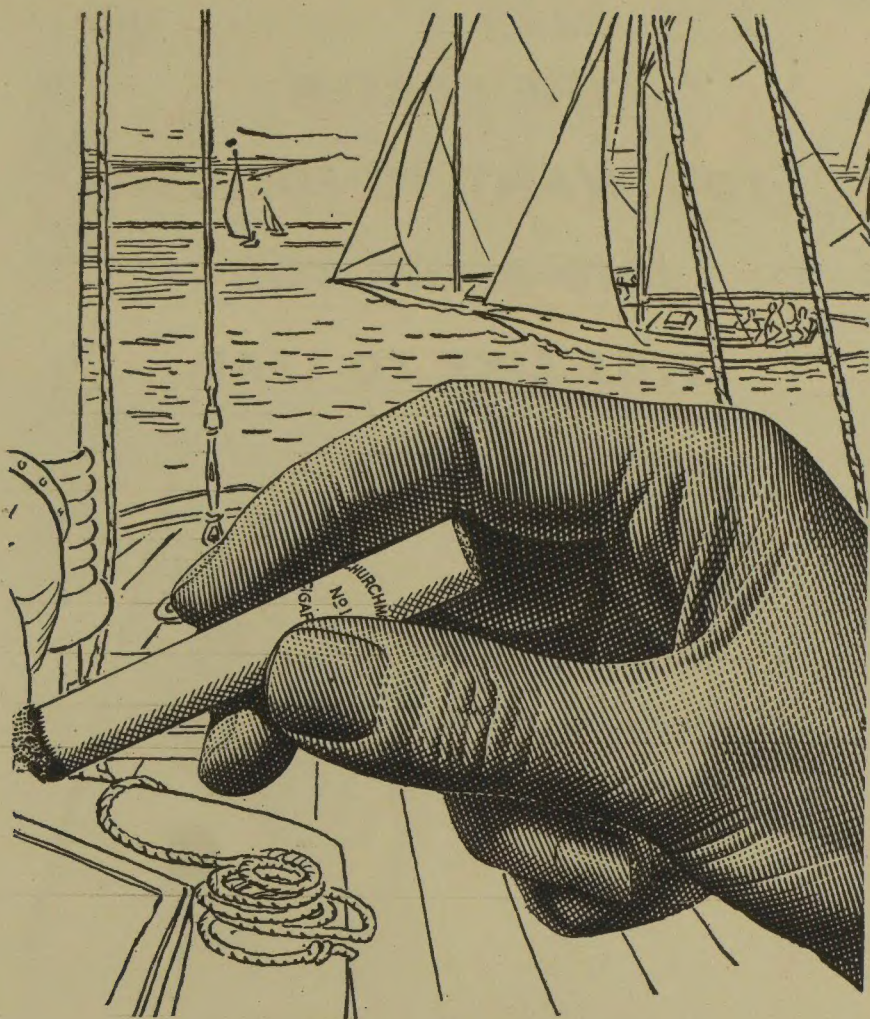


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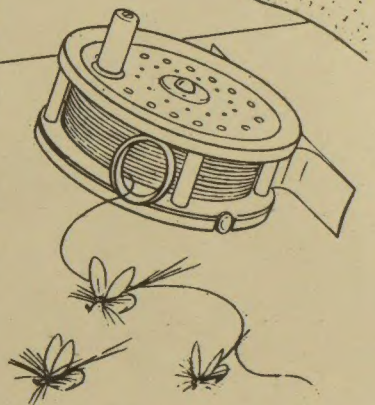
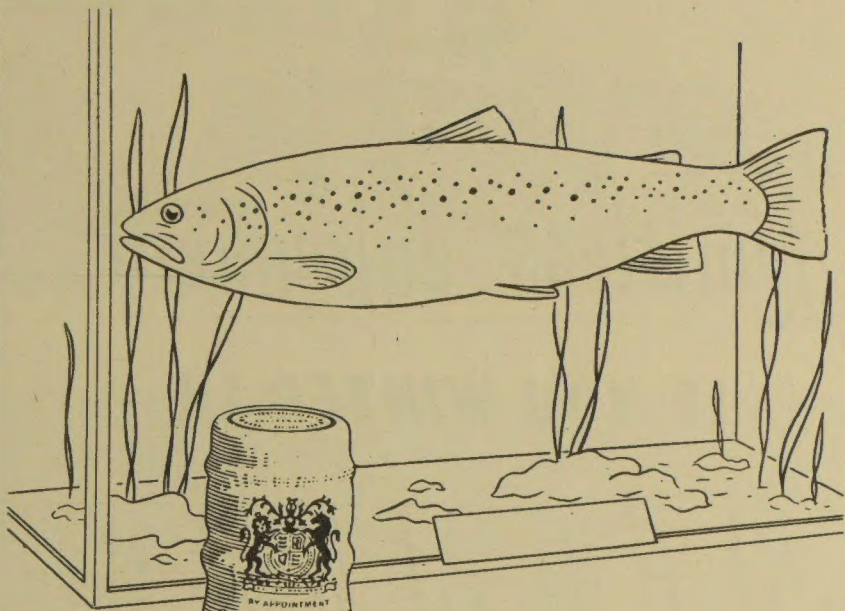


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Are you wintering in Bermuda ?



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WHEN IN NEW YORK on business, why not take advantage of the nearness of Bermuda and enjoy a break there on the way home ?

Bermuda's Currency is Sterling. There is no limit on the amount you are allowed to take there.

Colour films of Bermuda available on loan—write to P.R. Officer, Bermuda Government Information Office, Regent House, 89 Kingsway, London, W.C.2, who will also send you free illustrated booklet and information about fares and hotel charges. Or ask your Travel Agent.

THE CAREER

YOU WANT TO FOLLOW

AND A LIFE YOU

WILL LIKE TO LEAD

A
Commission in
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE
can give you
both



MUCH of the work of Royal Air Force officers is a more exciting version of civil activities. So it is often possible for a young man to follow his chosen civilian career in the more stimulating atmosphere of the Royal Air Force. Most young men find this an ideal arrangement. Whether you have chosen to be a scientist, technologist, administrator, pilot or navigator, the R.A.F. gives you superb training *plus* unique experience in leadership and administration (personnel management as the civilians would call it).

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	Technical	17 — 19½	G.C.E. (Advanced Level)
PERMANENT (University Entry)	General Duties (Flying) Technical	20 — 28	Normal Degree at recognised university
SHORT SERVICE	General Duties (Flying)	17½ — 26	G.C.E.
	Technical Other ground branches	17½ — 27 From 17½	Higher National Certificate G.C.E. or professional qualification in specialised branches
NATIONAL SERVICE	Almost all	During period of service	G.C.E.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1952.



COMRADES IN HONOURING THE HEROES OF 1940: SABRE JET-FIGHTERS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN AND THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE JOINING WITH FOUR-ENGINE LINCOLN BOMBERS OF THE R.A.F. IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN FLY-PAST.

On September 15 Lord De Lisle and Dudley, V.C., Secretary of State for Air, and members of the Air Council watched from Whitehall the fly-past which commemorated the Battle of Britain of 1940. More jet aircraft than ever before took part in the flight, which was, following tradition, led by a lone Hawker Hurricane, piloted by an unnamed pilot of the Battle of Britain. The Hurricane's latter-day descendant, the Hawker Hunter, one of Britain's fastest aircraft, flew last in the

fly-past, piloted by Mr. Neville Duke. In between them, at heights varying between 1500 ft. and 3000 ft., flew 120 Gloster Meteors of Fighter Command, 6 R.N. Attackers, 48 Sabres of the U.S.A.F. and the Royal Canadian Air Force (from bases in this country), 12 Canberra jet bombers of Bomber Command, and 12 Lincolns and 12 Washingtons of Bomber Command. Of these 212 aircraft, only 25—the Lincolns, the Washingtons and the lone Hurricane—were piston-engined.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ON September 14, 1852, just a hundred years ago, England lost the greatest of her public servants. He died when Bismarck was beginning his work of "blood and iron"—the creation of a united, militant Germany—when Karl Marx was devising a new and more terrible Jacobinism in the dim gaslight of furnished Camberwell lodgings and the British Museum, and when honest Abe Lincoln, the prairie lawyer of frontier Illinois, was turning his attention from the covered-waggon politics of Springfield to the wider horizons of a one-horse-buggy Union which in the course of three generations was to become the mightiest nation on earth. He had been born eighty-three years before, when Frederick the Great was still King of Prussia, when Washington was a lonely swamp beside the Potomac and King George's writ still ran in Boston and New York.

Wellington's distinguishing traits were his fearlessness, his high sense of honour and his unflinching habit of speaking the truth. "Truth-teller was our English Duke," wrote Tennyson in his commemorative ode. Great as he was as a soldier—and he was probably the greatest commander in a defensive battle the modern world has seen and one who, though nearly always in a numerical inferiority, was uniformly successful—he was even greater as a man. England has never been particularly grateful to her soldiers, for on the whole the national temper is allergic to victorious military commanders. Cromwell, Marlborough, Clive, Roberts were all attacked or disregarded by their countrymen within a few years of their greatest triumphs. The only exceptions to this ungracious rule have been the commanders who fell in the hour of victory, like Wolfe and Moore, and even these did not wholly escape. Wellington certainly did not. Fifteen years after Waterloo his windows at Apsley House were stoned by the London mob, and he himself was insulted whenever he appeared in the streets, and on more than one occasion his life was endangered. Yet a decade later he had become the hero of the entire country. When he appeared at a concert in 1842, the choir stopped singing and the whole audience rose to cheer "the great old man . . . now the idol of the people." It was not because his views were popular; they were nothing of the kind, for throughout his life he continued to express his unqualified dislike for democracy and the liberal spirit of his age. It was because he was so fearless, so disinterested and so manifestly a noble and honourable man that the British people took him to their hearts. If he held many views they detested, he practised all the virtues they honoured. He never cheated, never lied, never shirked a duty, never went back on his word, never shrank from any act which his conscience dictated. "He was the greatest man," Queen Victoria wrote on the day of his death, "this country ever produced, and the most devoted and loyal subject the Crown ever had."

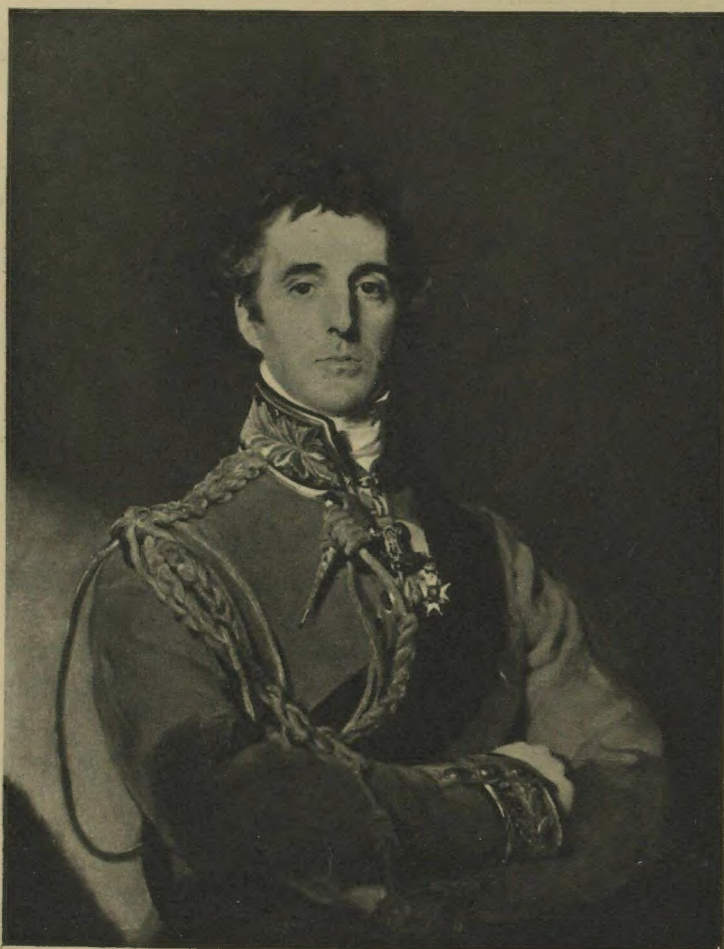
Carlyle, a stern critic and no friend to the English ruling class of his day, described him in his latter years as looking "like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape and got silvery with age and service": his face "wholly gentle, wise, valiant and venerable. The voice, too, is aquiline, clearly, perfectly equable—uncracked, that is—and perhaps almost musical, but essentially tenor or almost treble voice—eighty-two, I understand. He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and that other, clear, clean, fresh as this June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room and I saw him no more."

To do one's duty, to fear God, to speak the truth, to do "the business of the day in the day" without evasion or excuse, these were Wellington's ideals, and after his death they were adopted by his admiring countrymen as the kind of ideals Englishmen ought to honour. It has not been sufficiently realised how much the conception of an English gentleman which has prevailed during the past three generations, particularly in our public schools and Fighting Services, was based on Wellington's example. It derived far more from him, I believe, than it did from Arnold of Rugby, to whom it is often attributed. Wellington, as was natural in a soldier and a Tory, had all his life been a great believer in the character-forming qualities of permanent institutions, and it was fitting that the national memorial erected to him by his countrymen should have been the great public school that bears his name. "We give thee humble and hearty thanks, O most

merciful Father," runs the Collect of the Foundation, "for the memory and good example of ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and for all our Governors and Benefactors by whose benefit this whole College is brought up to godliness and good learning; and we beseech Thee to give us grace to use these Thy blessings to the glory of Thy Holy Name that we may answer the good intent of our religious Founders and become profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth." The School, which has given a greater proportion of its sons to the direct service of the Crown than any other public school, was opened in 1859. The prime object of its foundation, as stated in the Prime Minister's letter to members of both Houses after the Duke's death, was "the gratuitous or nearly gratuitous education of orphan children of indigent and meritorious officers of the Army . . . a class of men peculiarly liable to casualties by which their families are often left in a condition of the most painful pecuniary embarrassment and under circumstances in which the necessarily stringent regulations of the War Office preclude the possibility of any relief from public funds." To this end, though the great majority of the boys attending the school are paid for by the fees of their parents, a Foundation Fund was raised by public subscription, which during the past ninety years has provided a public school education for some 1500 sons of deceased officers, whose circumstances—the result of their service and sacrifice—would otherwise have rendered such an education impossible. No distinction exists between boys in receipt of such assistance and the other boys, and their place on the Foundation is not usually known even to the Founders themselves. Among those who have thus benefited is one of the greatest living soldiers, a Field Marshal who did outstanding service to Britain during the late war.

At no time in our history has the necessity for the Wellington Foundation been greater than at the present time. It is no exaggeration to say that on the continued service of the regimental officer—a class that derives much of its highest tradition from certain families which, generation after generation, have given devoted and highly trained service to their regiments—the efficiency of the British Army depends. In the past, most Army officers possessed some small but sufficient private means which permitted them, while serving their country on the extremely parsimonious terms which Treasury policy normally prescribes for Regular officers, permitted them to make provision for their children's schooling. To-day, penal taxation and changes in the social structure have almost entirely destroyed those means. The vast majority of Army officers have nothing to live on but their pay—one which leaves no margin to a family man for saving. A tragic early death, such as is often the lot of the soldier, generally leaves his widow without the means to give his sons a public school education. Unfortunately, at a time when a Second World War has greatly increased the number of such casualties, the number of Foundationers whom the original Wellington Foundation can support has been reduced by the rise in the cost of schooling. At the present time there are over 140 boys, between nine and thirteen years of age, all of them with strong claims on the Fund

and on the gratitude of the country, applying to enter Wellington College as Foundationers. As things stand, not more than twenty-eight will have any chance of obtaining a vacancy. It is therefore proposed to appeal to the public for a capital sum of £300,000, not to enrich the school, which bears Wellington's name and which, because of its fee-paying students, is in no need of such assistance, but to increase the number of sons of deceased Army officers who can enjoy its benefits at a nominal cost—its original object. An increase in the present Foundation income of £10,000 a year will enable the Governors to educate sixty such boys at a time and, by an amendment to the original Charter, to add a further twenty Foundationers drawn from sons of deceased officers of the Royal Navy, Royal Marines and Royal Air Force, making a total of eighty Foundationers in all out of the 620 boys normally attending the College. There can be no better way of expressing the national indebtedness, not only to the memory of the great Duke, but to the officers of the Fighting Services who twice in a quarter of a century have saved this country and the world.



THE GREATEST OF ENGLAND'S PUBLIC SERVANTS: THE FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON, THE CENTENARY OF WHOSE DEATH FELL ON SEPTEMBER 14, 1952—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A., NOW IN THE APSLEY HOUSE COLLECTION.

In writing on this page of the great Duke of Wellington (and of Wellington College, the national memorial to him), Dr. Arthur Bryant says: "It was because he was so fearless, so disinterested and so manifestly a noble and honourable man that the British people took him to their hearts." Arthur Wellesley (or Wesley, the form abandoned about 1790) was born in Ireland of a family which had been settled there about 200 years, at either Dangan Castle, Co. Meath, or in Dublin, in the spring of 1769. He was educated at Chelsea, Eton and Brussels, and entered the army in 1787. He became a member of the Irish Parliament in 1790, shortly before reaching his majority, and first saw active service in 1794, during the Duke of York's ill-fated campaign in Holland. From 1797 to 1805 he served with great distinction in India and received the K.C.B. In 1806 he entered Parliament for Rye, and in 1807 became a Privy Councillor and Chief Secretary for Ireland. Despite these Governmental duties he served in the Denmark campaign of 1807. In 1808 began the Peninsular War, which saw the gradual triumph of his genius, culminating in the invasion of France in 1814. After Waterloo and the final defeat of Napoleon in 1815, he was the most honoured man in Europe. In 1828 he became Prime Minister and, during the two years he held this office (rather unusually for a Prime Minister), fought a duel at Battersea with the Earl of Winchelsea and reached the nadir of his unpopularity with his fellow-countrymen. He later served twice in Peel's Cabinets, but retired from public life in 1846 at the age of seventy-seven. He was a great admirer of the Great Exhibition and a frequent visitor to it; but in the following year he died, at the age of eighty-three. (Drawings of Wellington College, the national memorial to the Iron Duke, appear elsewhere in this issue.)



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN BEING GREETED BY THE MAYOR OF DONCASTER WHEN SHE ARRIVED TO SEE THE ST. LEGER. ON THE RIGHT IS LORD SCARBROUGH.

TULYAR MAINTAINS HIS UNBROKEN RECORD TO WIN AN ODDS-ON ST. LEGER BY THREE LENGTHS.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AT DONCASTER, WHEN SHE SAW *TULYAR* WIN THE ST. LEGER AND VISITED THE PADDOCK TO SEE HER OWN HORSE, *GAY TIME*, WHICH FINISHED FIFTH.



TULYAR WINS THE ST. LEGER—THE FIRST ODDS-ON FAVOURITE TO WIN THE RACE SINCE *BAHRAM* IN 1935—BY THREE LENGTHS FROM *KINGSFOLD*.



ACCLAIMED AS EUROPE'S BEST THREE-YEAR-OLD: THE AGA KHAN'S UNBEATEN *TULYAR*, WINNER OF THE DERBY AND THE ST. LEGER AND OF THE RECORD SEASON'S STAKE MONEY—£76,417 13s.

By winning the St. Leger by three lengths, an odds-on favourite, at Doncaster on September 13, *Tulyar* preserved his unbeaten record for the season, brought his total of stake money won up to £76,417 13s. (nearly £20,000 more than has been won on the British turf by any other horse) and fully justified his claim to be regarded as the best three-year-old in Europe. The Queen was present and visited the paddock to see her own horse, *Gay Time* (which Gordon Richards rode and which was second favourite and finished fifth), and a huge crowd watched the race in an



PRINCE ALY KHAN, DEPUTISING FOR HIS FATHER, THE AGA KHAN, LEADING IN *TULYAR* (C. SMIRKE UP), WHOSE VICTORY IN THE ST. LEGER BROUGHT HIS OWNER'S SEASON'S WINNINGS TO THE RECORD FIGURE OF £87,119 10s.

afternoon which started grey and cold but ended pleasantly warm. *Tulyar's* victory brought the winnings of his owner, the Aga Khan, in 1952 to £87,119 10s., a record for any owner in one season in this country, the previous best being the Duke of Portland's £73,858 10s. in 1889. *Tulyar* was brilliantly ridden by Smirke, who twice extricated him when he appeared to be shut in, and trained by Marcus Marsh. He is by *Tehran* out of *Neocracy*, and will race again next season and go to stud in 1954.

NEWS FROM HOME: SOME RECENT EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



HORSEMEN'S SUNDAY ON EPSOM DOWNS: THE SCENE ON THE RACE-COURSE, SHOWING THE PARADE OF RIDERS, WHO WERE ALL PRESENTED WITH ROSETTES.

Between 400 and 500 horses and ponies were present at Tattenham Corner, Epsom Downs, on September 14, when the Vicar of Burgh Heath, the Rev. A. Layland Bird, conducted a short service which, as in previous years, included a blessing of the horses.



PAYING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE IRON DUKE: DESCENDANTS OF THE FIRST DUKE OF WELLINGTON BESIDE HIS TOMB IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The Duke of Wellington, who is vice-president of Wellington College, read the First Lesson at a service commemorating the first Duke of Wellington which was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on September 14, the 100th anniversary of the Iron Duke's death.



FINALISTS IN THE GIRLS' SINGLES OF THE JUNIOR LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: MISS V. A. PITT (RIGHT), WHO BEAT MISS J. M. BOUNDY (LEFT) BY 6-2, 6-1.



FINALISTS IN THE BOYS' SINGLES OF THE JUNIOR LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: W. A. KNIGHT (LEFT), WHO BEAT R. K. WILSON (RIGHT), THE PREVIOUS HOLDER.

The junior lawn tennis championships were concluded at Wimbledon on September 13, when there was an outstanding final of the Boys' Singles, W. A. Knight beating R. K. Wilson, the previous holder, by 7-5, 3-6, 6-4. Neither of them is yet seventeen and will be juniors again next year. Together they won the doubles, beating J. A. Pickard and G. M. Price, 6-1, 6-3.



BEING SWORN-IN AS LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE ISLE OF MAN: SIR AMBROSE DUNDAS, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER PROVINCE.

On September 9 Sir Ambrose Dundas was sworn-in as Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man in succession to Air Vice-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Bromet, whose term of office expired on September 6. Sir Ambrose Dundas was the last British Governor of the North-West Frontier Province.



DEMONSTRATING A MODERN ELECTROCARDIOGRAPH, MISS NEAL HAS ELECTRODES STRAPPED TO WRIST AND ANKLE. THE PAPER STRIP IS A DAY'S HEART-BEAT RECORDINGS.

On September 10 the first Congress of the European Society of Cardiology was opened in London and began with a message from the Queen. On September 12 the Minister of Health, Mr. Macleod, was the guest of honour at a dinner given by the British Cardiac Society to the overseas members attending the Congress.



THE POLITICAL SCENE IN EGYPT: GENERAL NEGUIB'S GOVERNMENT.



ANNOUNCING THAT HE HAD ACCEPTED THE POST OF PRIME MINISTER IN A BROADCAST FROM CAIRO ON SEPTEMBER 7: GENERAL NEGUIB, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

LEAVING THE ABDIN PALACE IN CAIRO AFTER BEING SWORN IN BY THE REGENCY COUNCIL: THE NEW EGYPTIAN CABINET (FRONT ROW; L. TO R.), PROFESSOR MOHAMMED FUAD GALAL (SOCIAL AFFAIRS); MR. SOLIMAN HAFEZ (VICE-PREMIER AND INTERIOR); GENERAL NEGUIB (PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF WAR AND MARINE); MR. AHMED HOSNI (JUSTICE); MR. ABDEL AZIZ ALY (MUNICIPAL AND RURAL AFFAIRS); (BACK ROW; L. TO R.) MR. NURAD FAHMY (PUBLIC WORKS); DR. ABDEL GELIL EMARY (FINANCE); MR. ISMAIL EL-KABBANI (EDUCATION); MR. ABDEL AZIZ ABDULLAH SALEM (AGRICULTURE); DR. NURED-DIN TARRAF (PUBLIC HEALTH); MR. FATHI RADWAN (PROPAGANDA); DR. HUSSEIN ABU ZEID (COMMUNICATIONS); MR. AHMED FARRAG TAYEH (FOREIGN MINISTER); AND DR. SABRI MANSOUR (COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY).

ON September 7, only some 48 hours after he had reshuffled his Cabinet, Mr. Aly Maher, the Egyptian Prime Minister, informed General Neguib that he could no longer co-operate with the military movement and he then placed his resignation in the hands of the Council of Regents. His action followed the arrest by the Army authorities of a number of well-known political figures. On the same evening General Neguib, Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army, formed a new Government.



ENTRUSTED WITH THE TASK OF CARRYING OUT THE ARMY'S PROGRAMME OF SOCIAL AND LAND REFORMS: THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW EGYPTIAN CABINET IN CAIRO, WITH THE PRIME MINISTER, GENERAL NEGUIB, PRESIDING.



LEAVING THE PRESIDENCY TO PRESENT HIS RESIGNATION AS PREMIER TO THE COUNCIL OF REGENTS: MR. ALY MAHER, WHO RESIGNED ON SEPTEMBER 7.



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN EGYPT VISITS THE NEW PRIME MINISTER: SIR RALPH STEVENSON WITH GENERAL NEGUIB (LEFT) ON SEPTEMBER 11.

THE GREAT N.A.T.O. ARMADA ASSEMBLES: WARSHIPS IN "EXERCISE MAINBRACE."



THE ASSEMBLY OF A GREAT INTERNATIONAL ARMADA FOR "EXERCISE MAINBRACE": A VIEW OF SOME OF THE WARSHIPS TAKING PART AT ANCHOR IN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE.



AT BELFAST PRIOR TO TAKING PART IN "MAINBRACE": THE CANADIAN LIGHT FLEET CARRIER *MAGNIFICENT*, 14,000 TONS, WHICH IS ON LOAN FROM THE ROYAL NAVY.



AT ANCHOR IN THE CLYDE: THE 45,000-TONS U.S. BATTLESHIP *WISCONSIN*, WHICH IS ARMED WITH NINE 16-IN. GUNS AND TWENTY 5-IN. GUNS.



IN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE: THE 42,500-TONS BRITISH BATTLESHIP *VANGUARD*, WHICH IS TAKING PART IN THE "MAINBRACE" MANOEUVRES.



ONE OF THE EIGHT AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS IN THE "MAINBRACE" FLEET: THE U.S. CARRIER *MIDWAY*, 45,000 TONS, SEEN FROM THE AIR AT GREENOCK.



A SISTER-SHIP OF *MIDWAY* AND ALSO TAKING PART IN "EXERCISE MAINBRACE": THE U.S. CARRIER *FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT* AT ANCHOR OFF GREENOCK.

A great armada of over 150 ships, representing eight nations, assembled recently in the Forth and Clyde for the most extensive naval manoeuvres yet undertaken by the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Lasting from September 13 to 25, the manoeuvres, known as "Operation Mainbrace," are designed to secure the maximum training in unified operations between the N.A.T.O. members, Great Britain, the United States, Canada, France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark and Norway. In addition, New Zealand, though not a member of N.A.T.O., is

providing a light cruiser for certain phases of the exercise. Aircraft are playing an important part in "Mainbrace," those operating from carriers help to provide security for the Fleet from air and submarine attack, aid in keeping the North Atlantic lanes open, and support the land, air and sea forces in Northern Europe. Other aircraft, operating from bases in the United Kingdom and in Norway, support the Fleet by carrying out anti-submarine and reconnaissance duties, while others are assuming the rôle of the "enemy."

PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS COMEDIAN, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, *EN ROUTE* FOR LONDON, WITH HIS WIFE. On September 9 Mr. Charles Chaplin and his fourth wife, the former Miss Oona O'Neill, daughter of the playwright Eugene O'Neill, arrived in New York, *en route* for London. He brought with him a completed print of "Limelight," his first film since "Monsieur Verdoux." Mr. Chaplin was born in London in 1889 and, despite his long residence in the United States, has always retained British citizenship.



IN OVERALL COMMAND OF SEA, LAND AND AIR FORCES IN NORTHERN EUROPE IN "EXERCISE MAINBRACE" UNDER GENERAL RIDGWAY: ADMIRAL SIR PATRICK BRIND (RIGHT) WITH HIS CHIEF OF STAFF, REAR-ADMIRAL H. DALRYMPLE-SMITH.



DECORATED WITH THE U.S. SILVER STAR: MAJOR ALLAN E. YOUNGER (RIGHT), ROYAL ENGINEERS. Major Allan E. Younger, Royal Engineers, was presented with the American Silver Star for distinguished service in Korea by Brigadier-General H. E. Kessinger (who can be seen in our photograph; left), Army Attaché at the American Embassy in London on September 10. The citation said that Major Younger demonstrated "outstanding leadership, skill and courage during the battle of the Imjin River."



MR. A. D. C. PETERSON. Headmaster of Newport Grammar School, Shropshire; he has been appointed for two years as Director-General of Information Services in the Federation of Malaya. In July he joined the staff of General Sir Gerald Templer, the High Commissioner, for temporary duty.



ADMIRAL SIR PERCY GRANT. Died on September 8, aged eighty-four. Formerly Admiral-Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, he was one of three Cs.-in-C. who investigated the possibilities of Singapore as a naval base. He was C.-in-C., Australia Station, 1921-22.



N.A.T.O. COMMANDERS IN "EXERCISE MAINBRACE": (R. TO L.) VICE-ADMIRAL F. B. STUMP, U.S.N.; ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE CREASY (C.-IN-C. HOME FLEET); AND AIR MARSHAL SIR ALICK STEVENS OF THE R.A.F. "Exercise Mainbrace," the large-scale N.A.T.O. naval exercise, which began on September 13, was under the joint overall command of Admiral L. D. McCormick, U.S.N., and General Ridgway, the Supreme Allied Commander Europe. Under Admiral McCormick, Admiral Creasy was in overall command of sea forces, Air Marshal Stevens, who shore-based aircraft; Admiral Stump of the Fleet at sea. Under General Ridgway, Admiral Brind was in overall command of sea, land and air forces in Northern Europe.



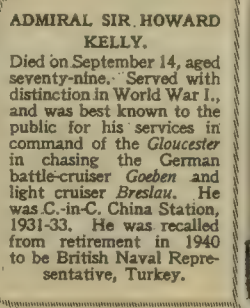
AIR MARSHAL SIR RICHARD PECK. Died suddenly in Switzerland on September 12, aged fifty-nine. For most of World War II, he was the anonymous "Air Ministry spokesman" in talks with newspaper editors and aeronautical correspondents on the work of the R.A.F.



SIR BRUCE THOMAS, Q.C. Died on September 5, aged seventy-four. An authority on railway law, he was President of the Railway Rates Tribunal (later Transport Tribunal) from 1932 to 1950. In 1950 he became chairman of the public inquiry into the Transport Commission's equalisation of fares scheme.



LORD WAKEHURST. Appointed Governor of Northern Ireland in succession to Vice-Admiral Lord Grangville, who is retiring, to date from December 1. Lord Wakehurst, who is fifty-seven, and an authority on Commonwealth affairs, was Governor of New South Wales from 1937 to 1946. For the last four years he has been Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.



ADMIRAL SIR HOWARD KELLY. Died on September 14, aged seventy-nine. Served with distinction in World War I, and was best known to the public for his services in command of the Gloucester in chasing the German battle-cruiser Goeben and light cruiser Breslau. He was C.-in-C. China Station, 1931-33. He was recalled from retirement in 1940 to be British Naval Representative, Turkey.



ARRIVING AT TILBURY ON SEPTEMBER 11 TO SPEND SIX MONTHS IN THIS COUNTRY: PRINCESS MARGARETHA OF SWEDEN. Princess Margaretha of Sweden, the seventeen-year-old granddaughter of King Gustaf Adolf and the eldest daughter of Princess Sibylla and the late Prince Gustaf Adolf, arrived at Tilbury on September 11. She is going to spend six months in this country studying English. Princess Margaretha is staying with Lord and Lady Forester at Willey Park, Broseley, Shropshire, before going to school at Beaconsfield.



IN ROME ON HIS WAY FROM AMMAN: KING HUSSEIN OF TRANSJORDAN, WHO IS NOW AT SANDHURST. King Hussein, the seventeen-year-old King of Transjordan, who was at school at Harrow before being called to the throne on the deposition of King Talal, his father, is now at Sandhurst. The King is attending a course of military training for a few months. The Queen sent King Hussein a message of welcome on his arrival.



STILL IN PRACTICE: DR. HENRY BOTTRELL, WHO CELEBRATED HIS 100TH BIRTHDAY ON SEPTEMBER 9. Dr. Henry Bottrell, of Pimlico, celebrated his 100th birthday on September 9. He still treats two patients privately, and does his own housework and shopping and prepares his own meals. Dr. Bottrell has travelled extensively in his lifetime and has lived in the United States and Australia. He was working in India at the time of the Black Plague in Calcutta in 1878. He qualified as a doctor in Dublin seventy-six years ago.

THE PLIGHT OF THE INLAND ESKIMOS.

"PEOPLE OF THE DEER"; By FARLEY MOWAT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustration on this page is not reproduced from the book.



MR. FARLEY MOWAT, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE, EXAMINING A DEAD CARIBOU FAWN.

Mr. Farley Mowat was born at Belleville, Ontario, in 1921. His father was a librarian, and much of his childhood was spent in various libraries in Canada. He had his first sight of the Arctic in 1935. During the war, Farley Mowat took part in the invasion of Sicily in a Canadian regiment; later he became an Intelligence Officer. After demobilisation he went to the Barrenlands and wandered for about 1200 miles by canoe and on foot. In 1949 he returned south and now lives in a log house near Toronto.

THE title of this book is "People of the Deer." The subject is the Deer and the People. In the hinterland to the west of Hudson's Bay, there is a small remnant of Eskimos who have never grown crops, and never (to any extent, for the climate renders that food useless) caught fish; they have waited for the migrations of the caribou. In multitudes the caribou go north to breed; then they go south again briefly; then they go north again; then they go south again. Fifty years ago there were

know what I mean. That Society, as I understand, wishes to put a stop to, or mitigate, the insensate slaughter of "big-game," in Africa, principally; and best wishes to it. For the disappearance of the pterodactyl, the dinosaur, the brontosaurus and other gigantic beasts of their period we men cannot be held responsible: we simply were not there. Did they still exist in remote corners of the Congo or the Amazon basins, I should still hate to see the last of them go, thereby impoverishing the glorious spectacle of the world, offered to us men who were created in God's own image, with a capacity for reasonable and æsthetic enjoyment such as is not (though, when I contemplate my small, brave, loyal dog, I wonder) given to the beasts. But in historical times, since man, in his own opinion, "grew up," man the explorer has been, to some extent, man the exterminator: not delighting in the variety of nature, but merely, in his greed, doing his best to abolish it. The quagga (when I was little, "Q for Quagga" was on my alphabet brick) has gone. "Dead as the Dodo" is a stock phrase; the last of the dodos, fat and unable to fly, made a meal for thoughtless mariners; before we know where we are, the last of the okapis, the bongos and the giant pandas may have died in zoos, to be stuffed for museums, and lie in glass cases under the same roofs as eggs of the great auk.

have long since destroyed the great mammals which once came into Hudson Bay and into all the narrow waters at the top of the continent, and with the passing of the whales whole tribes of Eskimos have also vanished.

"Nor is the bloodletting at an end. The walrus which were once the most important of the sea beasts to the coast Eskimos have been seriously reduced in numbers, largely by the R.C.M.P., by traders, and by missionaries who annually slaughter fantastic numbers of walrus in order to feed dog teams that are three or four times as big as they need be. At Churchill a commercial plant to process white whales—'beluga' they are more often called—was established as recently as 1949 with full Government approval. And now the meat of these beasts no longer goes to Eskimo mouths, but instead is shipped south to feed foxes on our fur ranches, or to provide fertiliser for our gardens. On the islands of the Arctic many Eskimos have been forced to subsist largely on fish because of the disappearance of sea mammals, and even now the fish are being taken from them. In 1949 a new fishery was opened by Nova Scotian ships in an area where the Eskimos were almost completely dependent on fish. Had it not been for the presence of Army personnel, who took a determined stand against this flagrant robbery, this fishery, which was also fully sanctioned by the Government despite the outraged

THE BRIGADE OF GURKHAS ANNUAL CONFERENCE - 1952.



AT SEREMBAN, MALAYA, ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR ANNUAL CONFERENCE: OFFICERS OF THE BRIGADE OF GURKHAS.

The four regiments that comprise the Brigade of Gurkhas—except for two battalions who went to Hongkong for a short time and have now returned—have been fighting in Malaya since 1948. They have been responsible for the death or capture of 1000 bandits, which is nearly a third of the total "bag" in Malaya. Our photograph, which was taken on the occasion of the Brigade of Gurkhas Annual Conference held in Seremban, Malaya, on May 29 and 30, shows (l. to r.): Front row: Lieut.-Colonel E. P. Townsend, D.S.O., O.B.E., O.C. Bde. of Gurkhas Recruit Training Centre; Colonel C. C. Graham, D.S.O., O.B.E., Colonel Bde. of Gurkhas; Brigadier J. W. Stephens, D.S.O., Commander British Gurkhas in India; Brigadier H. A. Skone, C.B.E., D.S.O., Commander North Malaya Sub-District; Major-General L. E. C. M. Perowne, C.B.E., Major-General Bde. of Gurkhas; Brigadier A. de Burgh Morris, C.B.E., D.S.O., Commander 48 Gurkha Inf. Bde.; Brigadier L. H. O. Pugh, C.B.E., D.S.O., Commander 26 Gurkha Inf. Bde.; Brigadier M. C. A. Henniker, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., Commander 63 Gurkha Inf. Bde.; Brigadier C. S. Howard, O.B.E., Commander-designate 26 Gurkha Inf. Bde.; Lieut.-Colonel C. W. Yeates, D.S.O., Bde. of Gurkhas Liaison Officer at the War Office;

Lieut.-Colonel J. G. C. Waldron, D.S.O., O.B.E., O.C. 2/10 P.M.O. Gurkha Rifles. Centre row: Lieut.-Colonel W. C. Walker, D.S.O., O.B.E., O.C. 1/6 Gurkha Rifles; Lieut.-Colonel A. K. Crookshank, O.B.E., O.C. 2/2 K.E.O. Gurkha Rifles; Lieut.-Colonel G. P. Rickard, D.S.O., O.C. 1/2 K.E.O. Gurkha Rifles; Major J. O. M. Roberts, M.C., 2nd i.c. 1/2 K.E.O. Gurkha Rifles; Major O. N. Smyth, 2nd i.c. 1/10 P.M.O. Gurkha Rifles; Major M. H. F. Magoris, Brigade Major, Bde. of Gurkhas; Major L. H. M. Gregory, O.C. Gurkha Royal Signals; Major J. H. Allford, 2nd i.c. 2/7 Gurkha Rifles; Lieut.-Colonel R. R. Griffith, O.C. 2/6 Gurkha Rifles; Lieut.-Colonel J. D. F. Curling, O.C. 1/7 Gurkha Rifles; Lieut.-Colonel F. M. Hill, R.E., O.C. Gurkha Royal Engineers. Back row: Major A. J. P. Ritchie, M.B.E., O.C. Gurkha R.M.P.; Major R. D. Mitchell, R.E., Gurkha Royal Engineers; Major J. N. Fraser, M.B.E., M.C., Deputy Recruiting Officer, Jalapahar, India; Captain G. H. Walsh, 2/6 G.R.; Major O. Bevan, O.C. School of Language and Method, F.A.R.E.L.F.; Captain J. N. Croce, O.C. Gurkha Transit Camp, Singapore; Major M. T. Willis, D.A.A.G. Gurkha Record; Captain E. Oakley, R.A.E.C.; Major J. S. Newton, R.A.E.C.; Major J. L. Wallace, 1/10 G.R.

2000 Eskimos (who had never seen the sea) who waited for the migration of the deer; to-day there are but twenty. Mr. Mowat, a scientist and a very good writer, penetrated those hinterlands, made friends with the beaten relics of the ancient tribes, and has put into print his observations and his plea for the conservation of people who were not merely museum specimens but friends of his. That is what the explorer in remote regions finds. Sitting here in England, we are apt to find our imagination smothered, and to think that aborigines are merely aborigines. But the moment that one of us goes into the remoter regions of the world, be it the hills in the Shan States or the frozen wastes of Northern Canada, we find ourselves confronted with men and women, not necessarily of our own religion, but with our own standards of decency. Mr. Mowat, spending two years in the Arctic, found the Eskimos honourable men of his own kind. At times, so hard are their lives, old people have to walk out of their igloos to death, as Captain Oates walked out in Captain Scott's expedition. There are moments when they have to face the ghastly issue of cannibalism: they face it.

There is, I believe, a Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire; I may have the name wrong; but anybody closely concerned will

Time was, I suppose, when men thought that the innumerable buffalo or bison would remain countless on the North American prairies; they thought the same thing about the passenger pigeon. The passenger pigeon no longer exists: that there are bison still, even a noble little herd at Whipsnade, is entirely due to the discovery, in a remote pocket of the Rockies, of a tiny remnant who had escaped the hunters' guns. Now the beasts of the Arctic are being subjected to the same process of extermination: and if the caribou and the sea-mammals are remorselessly extinguished because of the profits to be made out of reindeer-meat and whale-oil and seal-oil, there will be an end, not only of these animals, not only of these sources of supply, but of our hardy kindred in the Arctic regions whose nourishment has entirely depended on them.

I must quote this admirable, eloquent and not at all gushing explorer at length: "Let us see what has happened to the sources of red meat in the Arctic. The fate of the deer has been the fate of all. Some of the most important animals have already almost vanished: the musk oxen, the narwhals and right whales. As for the rest, they have all been terribly diminished so that the land and sea no longer raise their food crop for men as they once did. The land has been bled so freely that it can now lay just claim to that ominous name—the Barrens. The sea, too, has been bled, and is being bled. The sealing fleets along the eastern coasts have done yeoman work; the whalers

protests of several Arctic specialists, would have brought famine to these Eskimos."

This is a tremendously exciting book. It is also a saddening book. It is exciting because the author ventured into unknown regions, amongst unknown people, taking his life in his hands: it is saddening because when he reached those Arctic wastes, he met the remains of a lovable people, who were dwindling into nothingness through no fault of their own, wondering why the White Man, at one moment should have encouraged them to abandon their old ways and catch foxes, giving them flour, lard and cartridges, and then, when fox-pelts no longer paid, left them to starve in the snow.

"The Fauna of the Empire" should, I think, include human beings. The inland Eskimos whom Mr. Mowat got to know and love amount, now, to about twenty. They may fade out; or, with a little encouragement, they may grow in numbers. They should, I think, be encouraged to multiply. They have lost all memory of their ancestry: they are undoubtedly Mongolians whose forefathers, thousands of years ago, "hopped" over the islands of the Behring Straits. They were pushed farther and farther north by later and lustier immigrants from Asia: and there are stories in this book about Crees and Chipewyans.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 470 of this issue.

* "People of the Deer." By Farley Mowat. With Drawings by Samuel Bryant. Illustrated. (Michael Joseph; 75s.)

THE HOMELAND OF THE GURKHAS: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF WEST NEPAL.



THE TYPE OF FISH-TRAP USED IN NEPAL: IT IS CONICAL IN SHAPE, MADE OF BAMBOO, AND SET WITH THE OPEN END UP-STREAM. IN THIS WAY THE FISH WEDGES ITSELF.



A GURKHA PENSIONER IN GARMENTS WHICH RECALL HIS FORMER LIFE, WITH HIS TWO WIVES AND A PAIR OF CHILDREN. TAKEN IN THE DISTRICT OF TANHUNG.



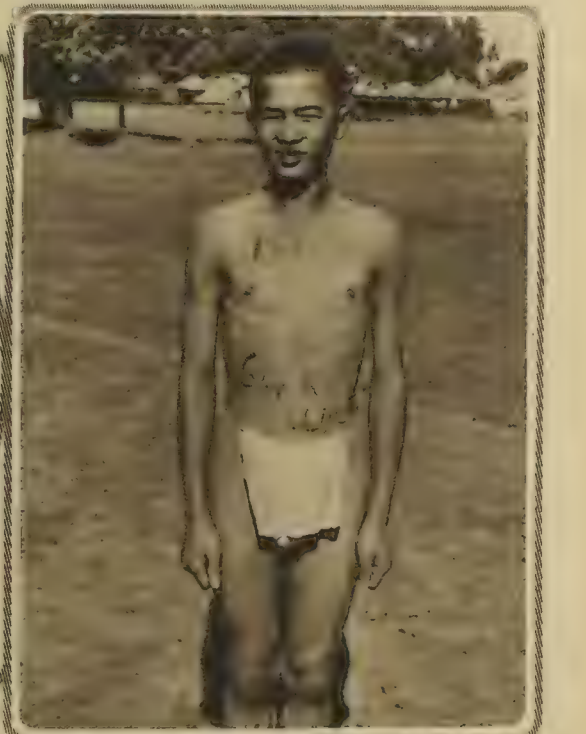
TWO GURKHA BOYS OF A FINE TYPE: THESE ARE GURUNGS, ONE OF THE TWO MAIN TYPES FROM WESTERN NEPAL, THE OTHERS BEING MAGARS.



A GURKHA SOLDIER, IN UNIFORM AND RETURNING AFTER LEAVE IN NEPAL. HIS RETURN INVOLVES A TEN-DAY MARCH THROUGH HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS.



THE YOUNG WIFE OF A GURKHA PENSIONER IN THE DISTRICT OF EASTERN BHIKOT. SHE IS WEARING NUMEROUS GOLD ORNAMENTS AND A NECKLACE OF BRIGHTLY-COLOURED BEADS.



A GURKHA RECRUIT—A MAGAR FROM WEST NEPAL—PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE RECRUITING DEPÔT—WITH VARIOUS NOTES PAINTED ON HIS TORSO.



GURKHA HOUSEHOLD EQUIPMENT: AS WELL AS VARIOUS COOKING AND EATING UTENSILS, THERE CAN BE SEEN TWO LADLES, A SICKLE FOR CUTTING GRASS AND A LARGE WATER-JAR, OR GAORI.



GURKHA WOMEN OF THE BHIKOT DISTRICT WASHING CLOTHES AT THE VILLAGE SPRING AT BAIDACHHAP: A PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT-HAND WOMAN APPEARS IN THE CENTRE OF THIS PAGE.

The Indian Government has expressed to the British and Nepalese Governments its desire that the present arrangement under which Gurkha recruits for the eight battalions of Gurkha Rifles in the British Army are attested in special recruiting depôts on Indian territory shall be terminated. The British Brigade of Gurkhas—these eight battalions (two battalions each of the 2nd, 6th, 7th and 10th Gurkha Rifles)—was formed when, after the granting of independence to India, the

original twenty Gurkha battalions were divided, eight going to the British Army, twelve going to the Indian Army; and Britain was given the use of, in all, four recruiting depôts in India near the Nepalese border for periods of ten years under agreements made in 1947, 1948 and 1950. It is understood that Mr. Nehru has been under considerable pressure from the Opposition to terminate these agreements. The whole of the British Brigade of Gurkhas is at present serving in

(Continued overleaf.)

THE GURKHAS AT HOME: THEIR COUNTRY, HOUSES, AND CUSTOMS, IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



BARPAK, THE HOME VILLAGE OF MANY DISTINGUISHED GURKHA SOLDIERS, INCLUDING JEMADAR GAJE GHALE, V.C., OF THE 5TH GURKHA RIFLES. THE VILLAGE IS PERCHED ON A MOUNTAIN SPUR OVERLOOKING THE DARONDI RIVER.



THE VILLAGE OF GHANPOKHARA, IN NORTH LAMJUNG: IT STANDS AT 10,000 FT. AND IS THE LAST HUMAN COMMUNITY ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPES OF THE HIMALAYAN RANGE.



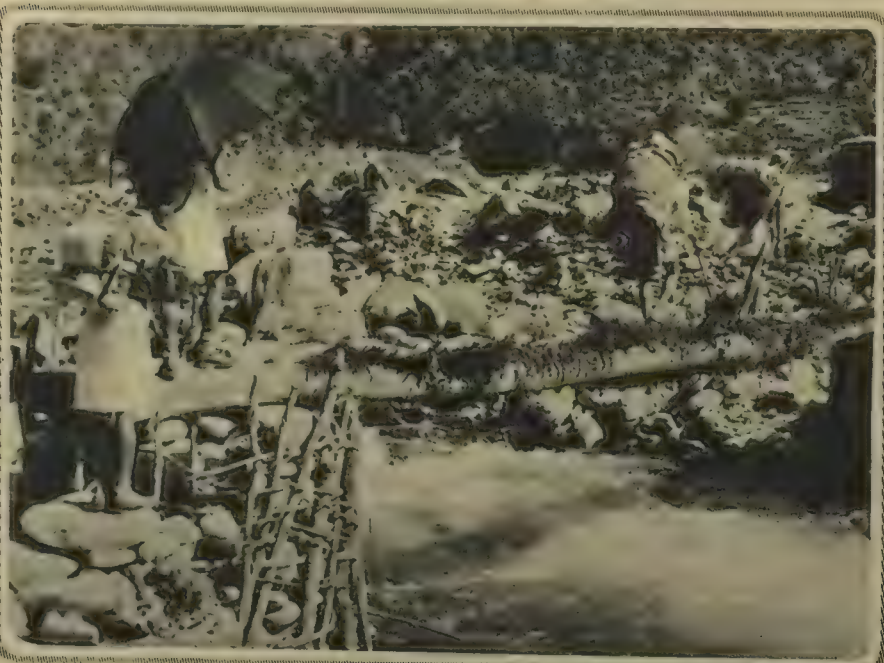
A GURKHA "BIG WHEEL": A CIRCULAR SWING ERECTED IN WESTERN NEPAL FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF CHILDREN DURING THE FESTIVALS OF DASHERA AND DIWALI.



THE RETURN FROM LEAVE: A GURKHA SOLDIER, ON THE LONG TREK BACK TO THE REGIMENTAL DEPÔT, CROSSING THE RIVER IN A DUG-OUT AT SANKHAR, IN TANHUNG.



A VILLAGE BAND AT GARETI, IN WESTERN BHIRKOT, WITH HORNS WHICH RECALL THE SERPENTS OF HARDY'S WESSEX VILLAGE CHURCH MUSIC. GAIETY, COURTESY AND FRIENDLINESS ARE GENERAL IN THESE VILLAGES.



THE URBAN UMBRELLA AND THE PRIMITIVE BRIDGE: PORTERS CROSSING THE DARONDI RIVER AT BHORLE ON THEIR WAY TO BARPAK, IN THE DISTRICT OF GORKHA, IN WESTERN NEPAL.



THE HOUSE OF A GURKHA PENSIONER, A HAVILDAR OF THE 1/4TH GURKHA RIFLES AT DENGACHHAP: IT IS A NOTABLY WELL-BUILT AND CAREFULLY-THATCHED DWELLING.

Continued.]

Malaya and amounts to a large proportion of the British military ground forces at present fighting the Communists in that country. On these three pages we show a number of remarkable photographs taken by a uniquely privileged observer who has recently visited Nepal and the areas in which most of the Gurkha battalions are recruited; and many of the places he visited had never been visited by a foreigner within living memory. Concerning this visit, this

observer writes: "The recruiting of Gurkhas for service with Gurkha Regiments of the British and Indian Armies is conducted from depôts situated many miles distant from the areas where the Gurkhas live among the Himalaya Mountains. Each year prior to the Hindu festival of Dashera selected Gurkha pensioners are engaged as recruiters, in accordance with the number of recruits required. At the termination of this festival the recruiters assemble suitable recruits in their

[Continued opposite.]

THE RECRUITMENT OF GURKHAS FOR THE BRITISH AND INDIAN ARMIES.



THE HOMELAND OF THE GURKHAS: THE BURNT-OUT RUINS OF THE TOWN OF POKHARA, DOMINATED BY THE EXQUISITE AND UNCLIMBED PEAK OF MACHHA PUCHHARE (FISH-TAIL MOUNTAIN; 22,958 FT.). POKHARA LIES IN THE CENTRE OF THE WESTERN GURKHA RECRUITING AREAS AND WAS BADLY DAMAGED BY FIRE IN EARLY 1950.



ON THEIR WAY TO A NEW LIFE: THREE GURKHA CANDIDATES FOR RECRUITMENT (CENTRE), WITH TWO GURKHA RECRUITERS, ON THE LONG MARCH TO THE RECRUITING CENTRES OF THE BRITISH AND INDIAN ARMIES. BELOW THEM LIES THE MADI PLAIN, IN THE DISTRICT OF PALPA.

Continued.
villages at some convenient meeting-place and set out on foot on the long trek to their recruiting depôts. This journey may take as long as twenty days, travelling along mountain paths and on occasions deep rivers have to be forded. The heavy annual rains in these mountains wash away many of the bridges, and boats are not always available or suitable. On arrival at the depôt the Recruiting Officer makes his selection of the best recruits, who afterwards have to pass a thorough medical examination. Those passed as unfit have all to be taken back by their recruiter to their homes. Approximately 75 per cent. of all Gurkha soldiers are enlisted from Western Nepal and the remainder from Eastern Nepal. The areas immediately to the west and east of the plain in

which the capital, Katmandu, lies are reserved as recruiting areas for the Nepalese Army. In Western Nepal two distinct types of Gurkhas are found. These are the Magars and the Gurungs, and they live mainly in the districts of Palpa, Garhung, Payung, Gulmi, 4000 Parbat, Bhirkot, Syangja Nawakot, Satung, Kaski, Tanhung, Lamjung and Gorkha. Gurkhas who live in Eastern Nepal and are enlisted into the British and Indian Armies are different in many respects. In the east the main types are Limbus and Rais, of the districts of Okhaldhunga, Bhojpur and Dhankuta. No matter whether a Gurkha be Magar or Gurung, Limbu or Rai, they are all equally keen, courageous and loyal soldiers—as depicted by their motto: 'It is better to die than be a coward.'

THE Bull Run is a little stream, and when I saw it, after rain had washed into it a lot of the red clay of Virginia, was the colour of milk chocolate. The banks are generally steep and overhung with trees and scrub. The country is rich and in parts beautiful, but it cannot be denied that the river itself is disappointing—some would call it ignoble. Its name will live for ever. Two days after the dinner-party which I described last week under the title "Historians in Shirt-sleeves," one who was then present took me for a long trip to the scenes of the Civil War battles known to the Federals as First and Second Bull Run and to the Confederates as First and Second Manassas. My kind and scholarly conductor was Mr. Marshall Andrews, Military Editor of the *Washington Post*. I may owe an apology to readers who have had enough military history from me for the time being, though the English circle of students of the American Civil War is large and distinguished. I write of these battles as typical of the early period of the war and also of what may happen when raw townsmen in uniform meet raw countrymen. In this there is a lesson still alive. It is true that the countrymen had genius on their side.

On the July day of 1861 when the competent General McDowell marched out of Washington, his intention was to chastise the Confederates who had ventured so close to the capital. His troops looked splendid, and the crowds hardly realised that in many cases their spick-and-span appearance was due to the fact that they had donned their smart uniforms for the first time that morning. Senators and fine ladies took the road to Centreville in their carriages to see the show. Beyond the winding Bull Run lay the Confederate General Beauregard, a Creole, a pretty good leader of men, but not of outstanding ability. His dispositions were simple in the extreme; he had posted two brigades at each of the fords on his front. When McDowell tried one of them, he suffered a sharp and bloody repulse. In fact, for the moment the affair at Blackburn's Ford was regarded as quite a battle. It was no more than an overture to the campaign.

McDowell realised the weaknesses of his force. To send it down the steep banks and across the fords, with the enemy awaiting it on the far side, would be, he considered, suicidal. If, however, he could get round the Confederate position, he would find himself on relatively open ground on which he might hope to make use of his superiority of strength to roll up the opposing front. This was sound tactics. Unfortunately, however, the ground, though not much over 25 miles from Washington, was virtually unknown wilderness, and by the time McDowell had completed his reconnaissance and set a force in motion to cross the stream outside the Confederate left Joseph Johnston's Army of the Shenandoah was coming to the aid of Beauregard. Johnston was moving across by the primitive railway and detraining at Manassas Junction. The two Confederate generals had a hasty consultation and decided that, since Beauregard knew the ground, he, though the junior, should retain command in the battle, while Johnston handled the reserves. In fact, the battle was fought on the Confederate side by the brigadiers, and Beauregard knew little about what was going on.

The Federal column achieved its purpose and appeared beyond the Confederate left. A young Brigadier named Evans acted without hesitation and without orders. He swung his little brigade round to meet the advancing hostile tide, and checked it with his fire from the ridge he had occupied. Here he was presently joined by the brigades of Bee and Bartow, again on their own initiative. A fierce struggle, in which great bravery was displayed on both sides, then followed. At first it looked as though the Confederate flank guard would maintain its ground, but the Federal pressure increased and another force crossing east of the main body struck the Confederates in flank. Their brigades fell back in disorder. All efforts to rally them failed. McDowell scented a signal victory. His aim was now to press eastward far enough to join hands with one of his subordinates on the Warrenton pike-road. Together they would administer the *coup de grâce*. However, this subordinate, Tyler, was the worst kind of sluggard and contributed practically nothing to the battle. This was fought out by the Federal force which

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BULL RUN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

had originally crossed to the south side of the Bull Run.

As the men of Bee's, Bartow's and Evans's brigades streamed back, there occurred perhaps the most famous episode in the history of the Civil War. On the next rise, a magnificent position, was a long, motionless line. On its right flank the men were standing easily in a double rank; beyond that they were lying on the ground in the same formation. In front of the prone line a general officer sat his horse. Bee had lost all control of his troops, but now he saw how this refuge of strength might be used. He roared to his beaten men: "Look at Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!" The thing was done. A firm line was established and the battle began anew. The

regular army, in the hands of McDowell, would almost certainly have won First Bull Run. When the second battle was fought in the following year, there had already been great progress on both sides in experience, organisation and junior leadership and splendid marching powers were displayed. I cannot in this case enter into the preliminary detail, which involved complex manoeuvres and requires careful study of maps if it is to be understood. Suffice it to say that the Union commander, Pope, was completely outmanoeuvred by Jackson, now at the head of 25,000 men instead of the small brigade which he had commanded in 1861; that Longstreet effected with him a junction typical of Lee's system of warfare; and that Pope dashed his army against their united forces, with Lee himself in command for the final phase, to suffer a heavy defeat. I walked along a great part of the famous

five-mile front of Jackson and Longstreet, against which the attacks of the North beat in vain.

If it be asked why Second Bull Run and other Confederate victories proved to be of relatively small account, various factors must take a place in the answer. Foremost among them, however, must stand the industrial power on the Union side. For all their efforts and despite considerable enterprise and ingenuity, the Confederates were outclassed in this field, and, though they made some progress during the war, the longer it lasted the farther they dropped behind. One commentator has gone so far as to say that, had the South been able to build reliable marine engines, it could have broken the blockade and run a good chance of inducing the North to desist from the effort to subdue it. This statement may be an exaggeration, but it is at least symbolical of the predicament of the Confederacy. With industrial power on the Federal side went man-power. The leadership was generally weak, far inferior to that of the Confederates,

but gradually a good fighting army, greatly outnumbering their forces, was forged. When Lincoln entrusted the command to a man who knew how to make use of that army, Ulysses Grant, the issue no longer remained in doubt. For extra measure, the skill and iron resolution of his subordinate, Sherman, was thrown in.

It had to be so. To sigh over the result is the most blatant romanticism. As in the case of another battlefield of another war, even more momentous in its results, that of Yorktown, which I have since visited, destiny would not be denied. One may argue, as I did, when asked for my opinion of the Yorktown campaign, that Cornwallis did what British soldiers do when in adversity—what Wellington did at Torres Vedras—took up a strong seaboard position where the Royal Navy could stretch out a hand to him. One may say that this was one of the rare failures of the Navy. One may suggest that if Graves had been successful in his battle

with de Grasse and broken the blockade at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, instead of having to retire to New York with his damaged ships, Yorktown would not have fallen. Perhaps not, but the problem of American independence would have been solved in some other way.

The area of these decisive events in the birth and development of the American nation is very small. Jamestown, capital of Virginia from 1607 to 1699, where English rule began, and Yorktown, where it virtually ended in 1781, lie close together. Between them is the magnificently restored Williamsburg, the second seat of government. In a summer day's driving, one could visit these, the Bull Run, Richmond and Petersburg, where Lee's fate was decided, and still find time to walk the battlefields of Yorktown, Bull Run, the Peninsula campaign and the Wilderness. By comparison with the vast size of the modern United States this is but a corner. Yet here colonial America was born; here the United States was born; and here, still less than a century ago, the United States was set upon her present path. Within a few days I have seen all these sites.



"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY A RAILWAY HAD DECIDED THE FATE OF A BATTLE": THE RUINS OF THE STONE BRIDGE OVER BULL RUN PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE FAMOUS CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER, MATTHEW BRADY. THE BATTLES OF BULL RUN WERE FOUGHT ON JULY 21, 1861, AND ON AUGUST 29-30, 1862, AND BOTH WERE CONFEDERATE VICTORIES.

Bull Run, a small river in Virginia, was the scene of two Confederate victories in the American Civil War. The first battle was fought between the Federal forces under McDowell and the Confederates under Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard. It was here that "Stonewall" Jackson gained his nickname, as described by Captain Falls in the article on this page. The second battle was fought between the Confederate forces commanded by General R. E. Lee and a Federal force under Pope.

decisive moment came when another Confederate brigade, marching straight into the fight after detraining at Manassas Junction, outflanked the Federals. Beauregard, coming to life at last, ordered an assault all along the front. The Northerners gave way. At first it was not a flight, but at a later stage panic developed. A few regulars helped to cover the beaten army, and the efforts at pursuit by the weary Confederates, confused, short of transport, overcome by the heat—having experienced it myself I do not wonder—and themselves raw troops, bordered on the ludicrous.

There in essence is the heroic story of what Moltke called "the battle between two armed mobs." The first difference between the opposing forces lay in the fact that the Confederates were hardly lads off the farms, accustomed to great exertion and to handling arms in pursuit of game. The second was the presence on the battlefield of Thomas Jackson. Though two officers senior to him were at hand, and one of them, Johnston, was a fine soldier, it was Jackson's battle. To-day his equestrian statue stands at the point where Bee sighted him. The line held by his brigade has been established within a margin of a few yards. The visitor can people the slope with the troops. The other vital factor was the railway, which brought the troops of the Army of the Shenandoah to the scene in the nick of time and enabled one brigade to make a tactical movement straight from its trains. For the first time in history a railway had decided the fate of a battle. Perhaps in this, equalled only by the battlefield of Gettysburg, everything that occurred has been completely reconstructed and the troops have been related exactly to the ground. If we really



PRESENT AT BOTH BATTLES OF BULL RUN: GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON (1824-1863), WHO GAINED THE NICKNAME OF "STONEWALL" AT THE FIRST BATTLE AND BECAME KNOWN AS GENERAL LEE'S RIGHT ARM. HE WAS KILLED IN ACTION AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.



THE VICTOR AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN: GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE (1807-1870), WHOSE MASTERLY HANDLING OF THE CONFEDERATE FORCES THROUGHOUT THE CIVIL WAR WAS DUE IN SOME MEASURE TO HIS APPRECIATION OF THE PART FIELD DEFENCES COULD PLAY IN AIDING MANOEUVRE.

SCENES OF BATTLES IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR IN EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS, AND AS THEY ARE TO-DAY.



THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862: (LEFT) A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE STONE WALL AT THE FOOT OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS TAKEN AFTER THE BATTLE BY THE FAMOUS CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER, MATTHEW BRADY, AND (RIGHT) THE SAME SCENE AS IT IS TO-DAY. THE STONE WALL WAS LINED BY CONFEDERATE RIFLEMEN OF LONGSTREET'S CORPS, WHO DROVE OFF THE FEDERAL ATTACKS WITH HEAVY LOSS, AND EVENTUALLY THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC WITHDREW.



THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG: A SECTION OF THE TOWN NOW KNOWN AS TELEGRAPH ROAD AS SEEN BY MATTHEW BRADY AFTER THE ACTION (NOTE THE HOUSE WITH CHIMNEYS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE CABLE; LEFT-CENTRE), AND (RIGHT) THE SAME SCENE TO-DAY SHOWING (RIGHT-CENTRE) THE HOUSE WHICH APPEARS IN MATTHEW BRADY'S PHOTOGRAPH. HERE THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, UNDER GENERAL R. E. LEE, DROVE OFF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, UNDER MAJOR-GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE.



THE BATTLE OF THE ANTIETAM, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862: A VIEW OF SHARPSBURG BRIDGE, OVER THE ANTIETAM CREEK, WHICH WAS COVERED BY GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S ARTILLERY, THUS GIVING THE DISORDERED FEDERAL FORCES TIME TO RALLY AND CHECK THE CONFEDERATE ASSAULTS, AS SEEN IN A MATTHEW BRADY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE BATTLE, AND (RIGHT) THE BRIDGE AS IT IS TO-DAY. AS A RESULT OF THE ACTION THE CONFEDERATE FORCES WERE ALLOWED TO CROSS THE POTOMAC RIVER UNMOLESTED.



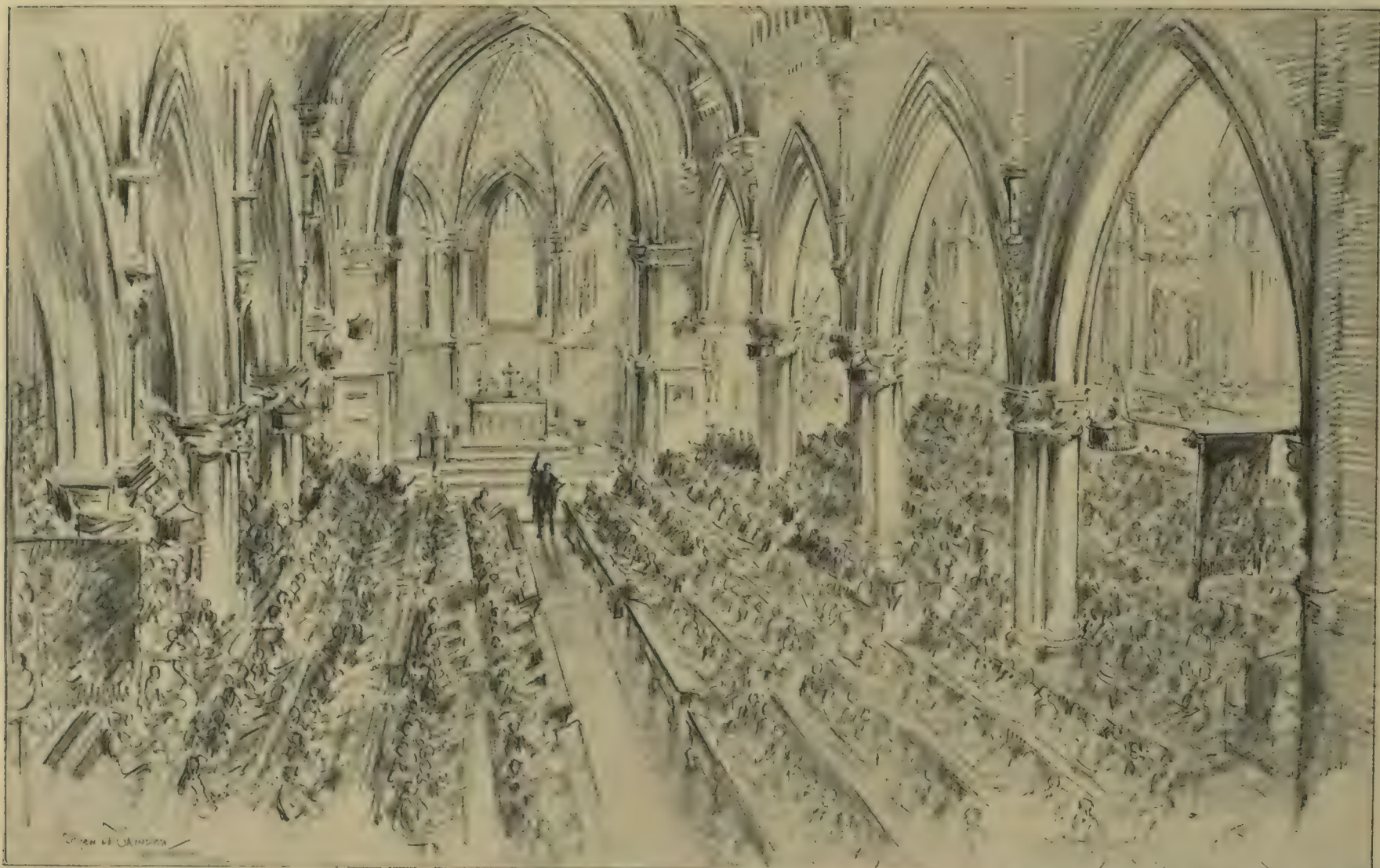
THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN, JULY 21, 1861: A PHOTOGRAPH OF STONE HOUSE TAKEN BY MATTHEW BRADY AFTER THE ACTION, WHEN THE FEDERAL FORCES HAD RETREATED TO THE POTOMAC—THE HOUSE FIGURED PROMINENTLY IN THE FIGHTING.

IN an article in our issue of September 13, Captain Cyril Falls, who is visiting the United States, referred to the American Civil War as "the one event which grievously delayed and, indeed, set back the unexampled progress of the American people," and stated, "Photography had passed its infancy at the outbreak of the Civil War. The Crimean War yielded a fair crop of photographs. But the Civil War produced them in vast quantities." On the facing page he discusses the two battles at Bull Run, and here we reproduce photographs taken by Matthew B. Brady, who enjoyed Lincoln's special patronage, of the scenes of some of the famous battles and compare them with present-day photographs. Though there have been changes, as Captain Falls wrote last week, "pious hands have marked every position, so that people who have never opened a book on the war can follow the course of the battle."

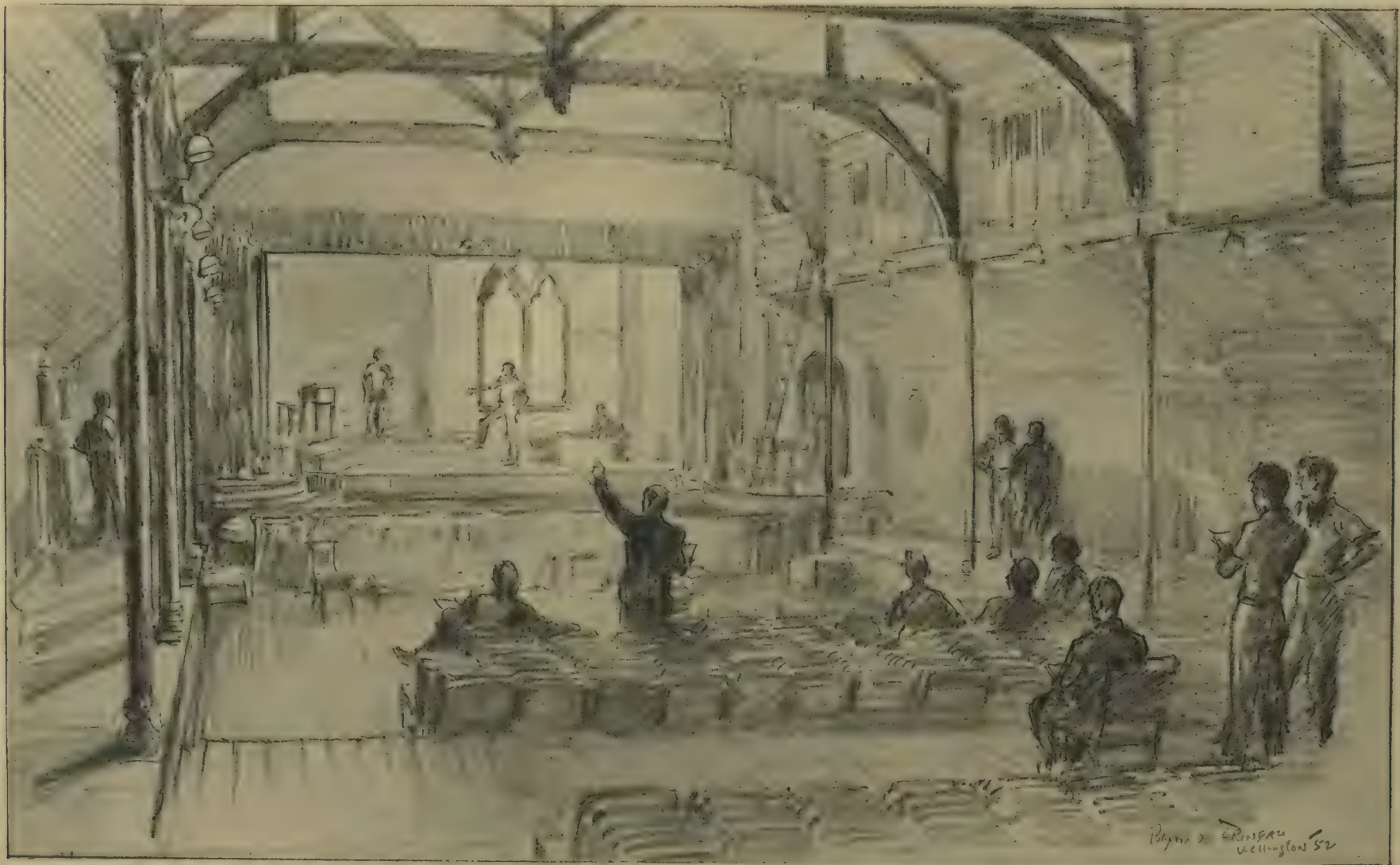


THE STONE HOUSE AT BULL RUN, VIRGINIA, AS IT IS TO-DAY (SEE ALSO PHOTOGRAPH ON LEFT): A VIEW OF THE BUILDING, WHICH STANDS ON THE SITE OF TWO BATTLES IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

THE WELLINGTON CENTENARY APPEAL: THE CHAPEL AND THE THEATRE.



IN THE CHAPEL AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE—FOR WHICH AN APPEAL HAS BEEN LAUNCHED ON THE CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF THE GREAT DUKE, WHOSE MEMORIAL THE SCHOOL IS. LOOKING DOWN FROM THE ORGAN LOFT AT THE WEST END DURING THE WEEKLY CONGREGATIONAL PRACTICE. NEW CHANCEL WINDOWS ARE TO BE DEDICATED IN NOVEMBER.



IN THE THEATRE OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE DURING THE REHEARSAL OF CHRISTOPHER FRY'S PLAY, "THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING." THE THEATRE, FORMERLY AN INDOOR SWIMMING-BATH, SEATS 400, OR TWO-THIRDS OF THE SCHOOL, AND IS ALSO USED FOR THE SHOWING OF FILMS. IT WAS FIRST OPENED IN 1947.

September 14, 1952, was the centenary of the death of the first Duke of Wellington and it has been made the occasion of an appeal for funds for Wellington College, which was founded as a national memorial to the Iron Duke. On a later page of this series of drawings by our Special Artist, we tell something of the history and purpose of the College, at Crowthorne, Berks, and the situation which now faces it. Here we show glimpses of two sides of the College life. The scene in the chapel shows a congregational practice. The school choir numbers 150, or

nearly a quarter of the school. New Chancel windows, the work of Mr. Hugh Easton (himself an Old Wellingtonian), will be dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury on November 2. The former windows were destroyed by bomb damage. The school theatre, which was once an indoor swimming-bath, seats 400, or nearly two-thirds of the school. It has also a film projection-room. Since it was opened as a theatre in 1947 there have been thirty-nine productions of plays, ranging from Shakespeare and Shaw to farce, and including opera.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



"THE PATH OF DUTY IS THE WAY TO GLORY": THE PATH OF DUTY GATE, THE ENTRANCE TO WELLINGTON COLLEGE FROM "TURF," SO NAMED AND INSCRIBED BY ARCHBISHOP BENSON, THE COLLEGE'S FIRST MASTER.

Although Wellington College is putting out its present appeal on the centenary of the death of the Iron Duke, the College's Royal Charter is dated Dec. 13, 1853; and the appointment of the first Master, Edward White Benson (later first Bishop of Truro and Archbishop of Canterbury), did not take place until 1859. Benson was only thirty when he was offered the mastership by the Prince Consort; but in it (in the words of the Dictionary of National Biography) "he had the first

opportunity of exercising his peculiarly constructive genius. Wellington College was his creation. From the moment of his acceptance of the mastership of the still-unborn institution he began to remodel the scheme that had been set before him, the Prince Consort supporting him at every point. . . . Instead of the charity school for a few sons of officers which it would otherwise have been, he made Wellington College one of the great public schools of England."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



WHILE THE CHAPEL BELL RINGS: BOYS OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE STROLLING ON

The centenary of the death of the great Duke of Wellington fell on Sunday, September 14, when a memorial service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral. On "Our Notebook" page in this issue Dr. Arthur Bryant writes about the Iron Duke and the qualities that made him great; and also of Wellington College, which was founded by public subscription, as a living national memorial to the Duke, for the purpose of providing "gratuitous or nearly gratuitous" education for the "orphan children of indigent and Meritorious Army Officers." Even before the College was built, it was decided—mainly on the initiative of the first Master, Edward White Benson, later Archbishop of Canterbury, and with the

strong support of the Prince Consort—to enlarge the original scope and to admit boys other than those who qualified as Foundations, and the original conception developed, with manifest advantage to the Foundations, into one of the great public schools. In the last ninety-three years some 1500 sons of deceased officers have been admitted as Foundations and have enjoyed the advantages of a public school education at a nominal fee. The benefits of the Foundation have never been restricted to sons of Old Wellingtonians, who are, in fact, in a very small minority. To-day, 100 years after the great Duke's death, when the number of deserving applicants for a place on the Foundation is greater than

THE LAWNS ON SUNDAY, BEFORE THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

ever before, it is impossible, within the original endowment, to maintain the desired ratio between Foundations and ordinary fee-paying boys. To mark the centenary, therefore, an appeal is shortly to be launched at a Mansion House dinner, which H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, President of the College, has consented to attend. Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, himself an Old Wellingtonian and a former Foundationer, is chairman of the Appeal Committee, whose object is to raise funds to maintain the number of Foundations at Wellington and, by a recent amendment to its Royal Charter, to include sons of deceased officers of the other Fighting Services. The exact purpose of the appeal is

stressed in these words: "Wellington, one of the great Public Schools of England, stands on its own feet. It does not seek aid as such. This appeal . . . is launched with the aim of enabling the School to perpetuate and, if possible, to widen the noble purpose of its founders, and so to provide a living and continuous memorial to those officers whose sons would otherwise be deprived of the upbringing which their fathers would so deeply have desired." Those of our readers who seek further information about this appeal or who wish to subscribe to it, should write to the Secretary of the Appeal: H. F. Donner, Esq., Wellington College, Crowthorne, Berks.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

THE WELLINGTON CENTENARY APPEAL: SIDELIGHTS OF THE COLLEGE LIFE.



THE OUTDOOR SWIMMING-POOL IN ITS SETTING OF TREES AND RHODODENDRONS. IT CAN ACCOMMODATE HALF THE SCHOOL AT A TIME FOR A "GENERAL BATHE." IN THE RIGHT CENTRE CAN BE SEEN (L. TO R.) FIELD MARSHAL AUCHINLECK, A FORMER FOUNDATIONER AND CHAIRMAN OF THE APPEAL, AND THE HEADMASTER, MR. H. W. HOUSE, D.S.O., M.C., M.A.



ONE OF THE DORMITORIES AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE, WITH THE BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE RHODODENDRON DRIVE, TOWARDS THE LAKES. EACH BOY HAS HIS OWN ROOM, USED FOR BOTH SLEEPING AND STUDY. THE DORMITORY SHOWN IS HILL DORMITORY, SO NAMED AFTER ONE OF WELLINGTON'S GENERALS.

The number of boys at Wellington College is about 620. Of these, at present, the number of Foundationers—that is, the sons of deceased officers, paying only nominal fees—is 60. This ratio is lower than in the past, when the average number of Foundationers throughout the school's life has been 80 to 90. Owing to rising costs, there is a risk that the endowment in the future would be unable to support even 60, and at the same time the number of applications for places has increased. This is the reason for the appeal made by the Governors for

further funds for the endowment—in the hope of being able to increase the number of Foundationers once more to 80 and to include in that number the sons of deceased officers of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines and the Royal Air Force. About 500 of the total 620 boys live in the College buildings, of which a special feature is the dormitories named after Wellington's generals, long galleries divided into small, separate rooms, each with its own window and door and used for both sleeping and as studies.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

AT THE LONDON SALON SHOW: PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN ARTISTIC MEDIUM.



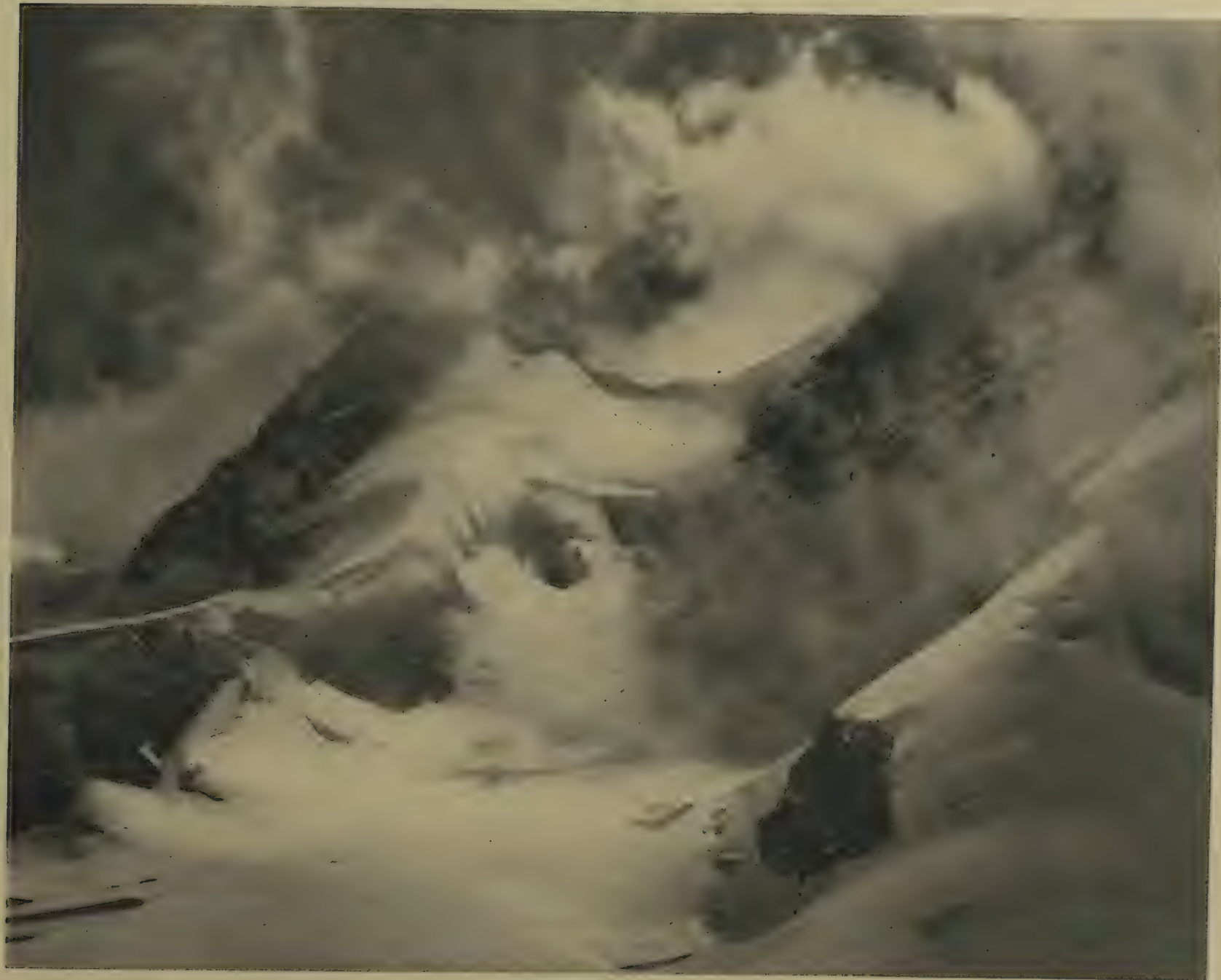
THE GLORY OF ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, ON THE RIVER WITHAM—THE 272½-FT.-HIGH LANTERN TOWER: "BOSTON STUMP"; BY STEPHEN SHORE.

THE 43rd International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography opened at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 26-27, Conduit Street, New Bond Street, London, on September 13, and will remain open daily (Sundays, 2 to 6 p.m.) until October 11. About 3500 photographs were submitted for the exhibition by 686 entrants from over twenty countries, ranging from Australia to Yugoslavia, of which 432 were accepted. The aim of the London Salon is to exhibit only that class of work in Pictorial Photography in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic feeling and execution, and how far this aim is achieved may be judged by the exhibits we have selected for reproduction on this page.

[Continued below.]



"OVER ALL THE MOUNTAIN-TOPS IS PEACE": "UN PASTOR EN CASTILLA"; BY JOSE ORTIZ ECHAGÜE, HON. F.R.P.S.



"THEIR WINTRY GARMENT OF UNSULLIED SNOW THE MOUNTAINS HAVE PUT ON": "FLEETING LIGHT"; BY H. A. MURCH, F.R.P.S.

[Continued.]

The beautiful lantern tower of St. Botolph's church, which was completed during the fifteenth century, has long been known as "Boston Stump," and for five centuries has been a landmark for travellers by land and sea. The

work of Senor J. Ortiz Echagüe will be already known to our readers, for he has been a successful exhibitor for some years, and his photographs in previous exhibitions have been reproduced in our pages.

AT THE R.P.S.: STRIKING BIRD STUDIES IN THE NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY SECTION.



TEATIME FOR FOUR: A SEDGE-WARBLER RETURNING TO THE NEST WITH FOOD FOR HER YOUNG—A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY R. G. CARLSON.



THE MOST RESPLENDENT BRITISH BIRD: A KINGFISHER, WITH A FISH IN ITS BEAK—A CAMERA STUDY BY HAROLD A. HEMS, A.R.P.S.



ADEPT AT CONCEALING THEMSELVES IN REED-BEDS AND SELDOM SEEN IN FLIGHT DURING THE DAY: A PAIR OF LITTLE BITTERN; A FINE PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY ERIC HOSKING, F.R.P.S.



THE LARGEST OF ALL BRITISH GAME BIRDS: THE CAPERCAILLIE—AN ARRESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "COCK OF THE WOODS," BY WALTER E. HIGHAM, F.R.P.S., F.I.B.P.

THIS year's Nature Photography Section at the Royal Photographic Society's Annual Exhibition contains some outstanding studies of birds, a selection from which are shown on this and the facing page. In our last issue we reproduced some other photographs from the Exhibition, which was opened in the Society's House at 16, Princes Gate, S.W.7, on September 11. It will remain open to the public without charge until October 12, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. (Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.; Sundays, 2.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.). Fish-eating birds normally swallow their prey head-first, but—as can be seen in the photograph of the kingfisher on this page—they first seize the fish by the tail; then bang its head against a branch to stun it before reversing it and swallowing it. When feeding the young they present the prey head-first.

THE NIGHTJAR AND THE HEN-HARRIER: EXHIBITS AT THE R.P.S.

THE work of bird photographers has contributed in no small measure to our knowledge of ornithology. The arrival of the photo-electric type of exposure meter, improved lenses, highly sensitive films and plates and electronic flash equipment for high-speed exposures has played its part in assisting these photographers, but knowledge, ingenuity and patience are still essential to success in what is, perhaps, one of the most difficult branches of photographic art. On this page and on the facing page we reproduce some examples of the bird photographs that are being shown at the current Royal Photographic Society Exhibition. During the day the Nightjar, which is seen in a photograph by Mr. J. T. Fisher, F.R.P.S., on

(Continued below, right.)



(RIGHT.) "THE BURNING DOR-HAWK": A FINE PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF A NIGHTJAR ALIGHTING BY J. T. FISHER, F.R.P.S.



(Continued.) this page, lies silent upon the ground and is most difficult to detect as it looks like a bit of twig or fragment of bark. It flies at dusk and is known by such other names as Night-hawk, Dor-hawk, Fern Owl and Churn Owl. There is no "jar" about its soft trill or reverberating "churring," which is quite unlike the notes of any other British bird. The study of a Hen-harrier at the nest, by Mr. Ronald H. Hallam, shows this large and graceful hawk, which can be very bold in the defence of its young. The Orkneys and Outer Hebrides are now its last strongholds in the British Isles. The Hen-harrier is a silent bird, but when angry has a quick, chattering cry. The nest, which is built of heather, sticks, rushes or grass, is always on the ground.

(LEFT.) AT THE NEST WITH ITS NEWLY-HATCHED YOUNG: A HEN-HARRIER SEEN IN AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH BY R. H. HALLAM.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



HOW do seedsmen produce the seeds of stocks—Brompton, East Lothians and Ten Weeks strains—which give an average of 50 to 70 per cent. of plants with

double flowers? Or, rather, how do the seed-growers produce them? Few seedsmen raise and grow all the seeds they sell. In fact, the majority of seedsmen don't grow any. They buy seeds that have been grown by specialists, and many tricky things like double-stock seeds are largely produced by specialists

A "CINDERELLA" STOCK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

very clever fellows. In the first place they are clever enough to garden on public money. Secondly, their methods of producing horticultural miracles are hidden away in the municipal nurseries. In the matter of beds of all double stocks, their method is brilliantly simple and fool-proof, though perhaps more costly than most private folk would care to face. They plant out their beds of stocks shortly before they are due to flower. The plants have been grown specially in pots, and a generous reserve of extra plants is kept in the background. Directly the inevitable single flowers appear in the beds among their betters, they are whisked out, when you are not looking, and replaced with doubles from the strategic reserve. No public park in London or any other self-respecting city could afford to be disgraced by the appearance of a single among its double stocks.

For some years past I have enjoyed a simple and infallible way of avoiding the appearance of single stocks among the doubles. It is simpler, less trouble, less costly, and more certain even than the method of replacement from strategic reserve employed in public parks. I grow a special stock which is guaranteed to produce all single flowers. In this way I know exactly where I am. Not that a few singles among the double stocks has ever worried me. This special stock which I grow is a hybrid. It was raised by Mr. L. McL. Braggins, who for many years was in charge of the famous La Mortella garden on the Italian Riviera, and it was he who gave me my original seeds, eight or ten or more years ago. I have grown it from home-saved seeds ever since. It is a cross between the wild Mediterranean species of stock, *Matthiola sinuata*,

and one of the races of cultivated garden stocks. I think Mr. Braggins told me that it was a Brompton stock. No matter. It's a grand garden plant. Presumably its mother, or seed parent, was *M. sinuata*. *Matthiola sinuata* is a plant which I have only met and collected once, and it turned out a disappointment. That was in 1908, in Corsica. I found a solitary plant among rocks close to the sea, a mile or two along the coast from Ajaccio. The plant was small and compact, and covered with pleasant, mauve, single-stock blossoms. It was most attractive, and looked an ideal rock-garden plant. But later, on my rock-garden at Stevenage, that compact floriferous specimen grew into a sprawling, rather weedy thing a yard across. It had lost all charm and all hold on my respect and my affection. Its compact charm, when I found it, was probably due to its austere rocky environment.

The hybrid stock has no name as far as I know. Here, on labels and seed envelopes, it just gets called Braggins' Hybrid Stock. But such a thing of beauty is it, and hitherto so little known and recognised, that it might well be christened the "Cinderella" stock.

The plant has many virtues. It is a free seeder, and absurdly easy to raise and grow from seed. In good loam it makes vigorous growth, wide-spreading, much branched. A single specimen, given room, without encroaching neighbours, will soon become a

yard across, and stand about 18 ins. high. In planting it out in a bed, or in groups in the borders, the temptation is to plant a foot or less apart. Not that this matters greatly. The important thing is to grow it in as wide masses as can be afforded. The flowers, which are produced in immense quantities, are of good size and are intensely fragrant. And their colour? I should call it a rather strong mauve. It is a colour which looks best in association with violet and lavender-blue. But keep it away from scarlet and pink, especially salmon-pink. The plants may be kept in flower the whole summer if the seed-pods are removed regularly. In fact, it may well be used as all-summer bedding plants are used. But greatest boon of all, if it is planted in mid- or late summer in some sheltered sunny bed, it will provide flowers for the house, on and off, all through the winter. I do not mean that it will flower during the worst excesses of our worst English winters, but during those more or less lucid moments that punctuate the average winter, the "Cinderella" stock provides most welcome vases of freshness, fragrance and colour for the house. As a cut-flower during the summer months it is delicious. One can gather it lavishly, and have vases full of its mauve blossoms in the house without harming the plants. Cutting blossom—and removing seed-pods—causes the plants to branch and branch afresh. They seem to like being cut. From a pinch of seed which I gave my son, late last June, he raised and planted out a bed of "Cinderella" stocks, 4 ft. wide and 20 yards long. Now, in mid-September, they are a really magnificent sight. They have drawn one another up to a height of 2 ft. in places, and from end to end the bed is a solid mass of colour which has been beautiful for many weeks past, and which should long outlast the dahlias and most of the hardy border flowers. To make this border quite perfect, there should be a broad band of that best of all bedding violas, "Nora Leigh." Its strong lavender-blue



"FROM A PINCH OF SEED WHICH I GAVE MY SON, LATE LAST JUNE, HE RAISED AND PLANTED OUT A BED OF 'CINDERELLA' STOCKS, 4 FT. WIDE AND 20 YARDS LONG. NOW, IN MID-SEPTEMBER, THEY ARE A REALLY MAGNIFICENT SIGHT . . . A SOLID MASS OF COLOUR WHICH HAS BEEN BEAUTIFUL FOR MANY WEEKS PAST."

on the Continent: specialists whose names the amateur gardener never hears. But how do these Continental back-room boys produce their double-stock seed? To be honest, I don't know; and if the truth were known, I doubt if the specialists know either. Maybe they have an inkling, a sort of combined flair and hunch, and from that work on traditional lines.

In double-stock flowers, all the reproductive organs, the anthers and the carpels, have become changed into petals. This freakish behaviour is dependent on a strain or race having a tendency in that direction.

The double flowers are incapable of producing seeds, so that seeds to produce the next generation of double-flowered plants must be saved from among the single-flowered backsliders. There have been many theories and suggestions for achieving a high percentage of double-flowered plants, and Miss E. R. Saunders tested most thoroughly no fewer than thirteen of the "infallible" systems. There was nothing in any of them.

Of course, if the gardener's dream came true and we arrived at the ideal stock seed, giving 100 per cent. double flowers, we should at the same time arrive at a dead end. No more stocks. For the doubles, as I have said, can not produce seed. Folk who strive to produce 100 per cent. double-stock seed would be better employed raising a race of totally sterile rabbits—to send to Australia.

All this being thus, next time you find a certain number of singles in your beds of double stocks, do not write to your seedsman with accusations and hard words. Above all, do not tell him that in such-and-such a public park you saw vast beds of stocks, all doubles, and not a single among them.

When you see those beds of all double stocks, remember that head gardeners in public parks are

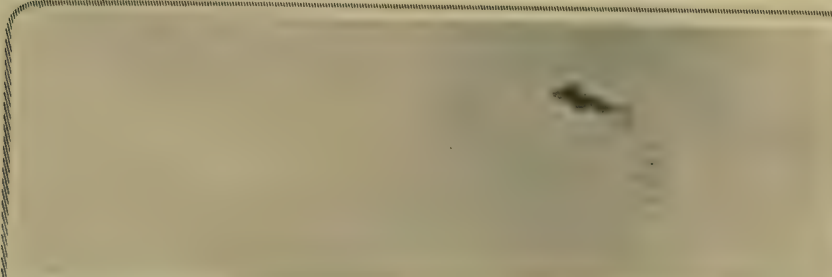


THE "CINDERELLA" STOCK—A CLOSE-UP. THE INDIVIDUAL FLOWERS ARE RATHER OVER 1½ INS. ACROSS, PRODUCED IN IMMENSE QUANTITIES AND INTENSELY FRAGRANT. "AND THEIR COLOUR? I SHOULD CALL IT A RATHER STRONG MAUVE."

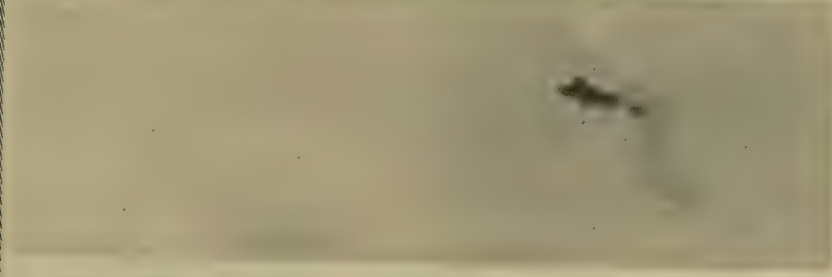
Photographs by Peter Pritchard.

would be the perfect companion for the mauve of the stock, and "Nora Leigh" carries on flowering well into the winter. In fact, it is seldom, if ever, without at least a few blossoms. I don't know what its raiser would think, but I feel that the name "Cinderella" stock might well stick to the Braggins' Hybrid. Certainly the plant has remained neglected and unknown for a long time and, as certainly, it is destined for a happy ending.

THE CINÉ-CAMERA AS EYE-WITNESS—IN THE FARNBOROUGH AIR DISASTER.



1. THE BEGINNING OF THE DISASTER. AS THE D.H. 110 APPROACHES AT TERRIFIC SPEED AT ABOUT 600 FT., SMALL FRAGMENTS ARE SEEN TO BE FALLING AWAY.



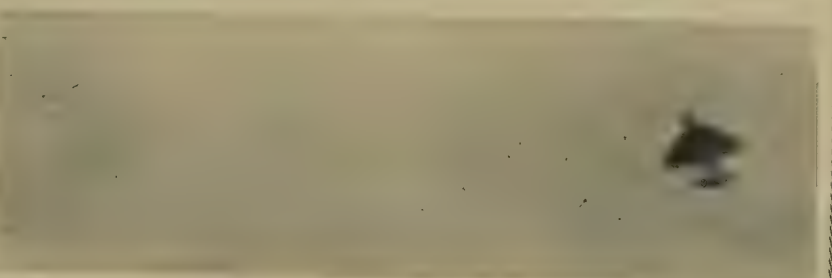
2. THE SHOWER OF FRAGMENTS CONTINUES AND A LARGER PIECE OF METAL—PERHAPS PART OF THE SKIN OF THE WING—FOLLOWS THE SMALL FRAGMENTS.



3. THE AIRCRAFT APPROACHES—AND THE FALL OF FRAGMENTS CONTINUES . . .



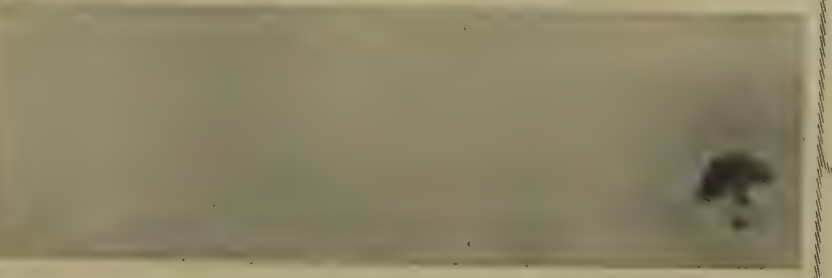
4. STILL FRAGMENTS FALL AWAY AS THE DOOMED AIRCRAFT DRAWS STILL NEARER . . .



5. IT IS NEARLY OVERHEAD, AND FROM BELOW IT CAN BE SEEN THAT THE NOSE IS STILL INTACT BUT THAT THE TAILPLANE IS BEGINNING TO BREAK OFF.



6. AS THE TAILPLANE BEGINS TO DROP AWAY, IT CAN BE SEEN THAT THE NOSE IS GROWING SMALLER—PRESUMABLY DISINTEGRATING . . .



7. THE TAILPLANE IS GONE AND THE NOSE IS SO FAR DISINTEGRATED THAT IN ITS PLACE APPEARS A V-CUT IN THE LEADING EDGE OF THE DELTA-WING.

In our last issue we told the story of the tragic crash of the D.H. 110 flown by Mr. John Derry, with Mr. Tony Richards as observer, at the Farnborough Flying Display on September 6. We show here, in sequence, shots taken by a ciné-camera during the actual seconds of the disintegration of the aircraft



8. ONLY THE WINGS AND THE TWIN BOOMS OF THE FUSELAGE REMAIN AND THE AIRCRAFT BEGINS TO DROP VERTICALLY,



9. THE FALLING BODY OF THE AIRCRAFT TURNS TO THE LEFT AT AN ANGLE.



10. WITH WING-TIPS TATTERED, THE WRECKAGE OF THE AIRCRAFT TURNS SIDEWAYS AS IT FALLS HEADLONG TO THE GROUND.



11. ROLLING OVER SO THAT THE REMNANTS OF THE TWIN TAIL MEMBERS ARE CLEARLY SEEN, THE WRECKAGE OF THE D.H. 110 DRAWS NEARER TO THE FINAL CRASH . . .



12. . . . AND ROLLING YET AGAIN, JUST ABOVE THE TREE-LINE, IT PLUNGES INTO THE GROUND BELOW.

and its fall to earth. They were taken by Mr. V. A. Gardner, of the Farnborough and R.A.E. Camera Club, who was watching the Air Show from the N.W. of the airfield. The ill-fated D.H. 110, piloted by Mr. John Derry, streaked out of the only clear patch of blue sky, leaving two white puffs when he crashed through the sound barrier and made a circuit of the airfield, banking steeply. As he came in to make his second run towards the airfield, Mr. Gardner, operating his 16-mm. ciné-camera, caught him in the viewfinder and pressed the trigger as soon as he got within reasonable range, using his 2-in. telephoto lens. The aircraft appeared to be flying at about 600 ft. at terrific speed and came towards him in a straight line, levelling out from a sharp turn. This film has been seen at the Farnborough Disaster Inquiry, but it is possible that these much-enlarged sections may reveal detail of great interest and importance.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE STORY OF TWO RATS AND AN EGG.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

I HAVE a clear recollection of having seen at some time a drawing of a rat lying on its back, clutching an egg with its front legs and being dragged by the tail by another rat. The second rat was depicted with the tail firmly grasped in its front paws and draped over its shoulder, and was proceeding in a bipedal manner. But although we have searched every book in the house we cannot discover the picture. Nevertheless, everyone I have spoken to on this clearly recalls such a picture; but cannot say where it was seen. At all events, my zoologist friends seem to be sufficiently conversant with the story of two rats carrying away an egg in this co-operative fashion to pooh-pooh it, so presumably it is an accepted legend of animal behaviour, and therefore worthy of closer inspection.

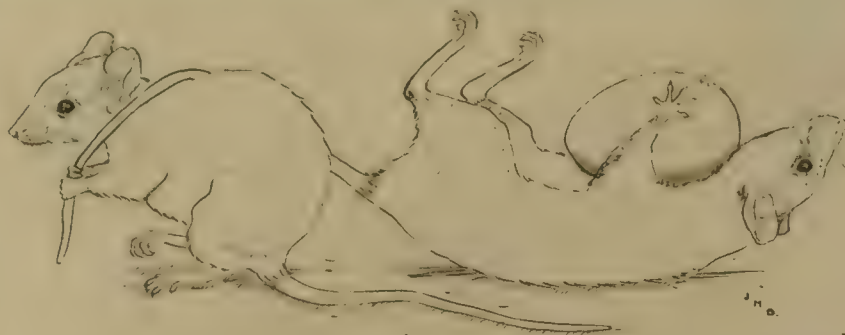
How old the story may be, on the other hand, is lost, at least so far as I am concerned, in the obscurity of history. There is, however, an account in the *Zoologist* for 1865 (p. 9431) of such an event. In this, Mr. Henry Moses wrote: "The rector of a parish in Westmorland assured me he had witnessed this feat. Having lost many eggs belonging to a laying hen, he was induced to watch to discover the thief. One morning, soon after the cackling bird had given warning that she had deposited an egg, he observed two rats come out of a hole in the hen-house and proceed direct to the nest. One of the rats then laid down on its side, whilst the other rat rolled the fresh egg so near it that it could embrace it with its feet. Having now obtained a secure hold of its egg, its companion dragged it into the hole by its tail, and disappeared."

The tale is ungarnished; almost too much so, for one would have liked to know exactly how the second rat dragged the first along. Another reason for doubt lies in this: that rats are known to take hens' eggs and be able to remove them on their own, and there seems to be an unnecessary amount of labour and inconvenience involved in this teamwork. The rat being dragged would surely be most uncomfortable from having its hair brushed the wrong way. Ignoring these difficulties, however, it is possible to raise several pertinent questions. Do rats remove eggs or other large objects bodily? Would they be capable of co-operative action, such as Mr. Moses' story would imply? Are rats capable of communicating their intentions to each other to such a degree? If the answer to these is in the affirmative, then the Westmorland rector's story could be accepted as an authentic observation of animal behaviour, and a highly interesting one.

The answer to the first question can be given without hesitation. Rodents of many kinds are known habitually to carry off both foodstuffs and even inedible objects and to store them in their burrows. The rat is no exception to this. The nest of one brown rat is on record as having contained "three towels, two serviettes, five dust-cloths, two pairs of linen knickerbockers, six linen handkerchiefs, one silk handkerchief, and near by were 1½ lb. of sugar, a pudding, a stalk of celery, a beet, carrots, turnips and potatoes." This could have been the work of a highly acquisitive and industrious rat, or of a group of rats working with a common intent, or even in co-operation—or even a pair of rats working as a team. As to eggs, it is generally agreed that they do carry these away, either in the mouth, with the head held high, or rolled along the ground between the forepaws and chin, or carried wedged under the throat and held between the fore-paws.

There must be many isolated stories of co-operative action between rats, and many more are collected in "The Rat in Laboratory Investigation," by Griffith and Farris. I have myself collected several of one rat gnawing free one of its associates that was caught in a trap by the tail or leg. Perhaps the best illustration is that given by T. W. Kirk in *Nature* (1884, p. 240). He watched a brown rat try to drag a 4-in. biscuit through bars that were 2 ins. apart. "After

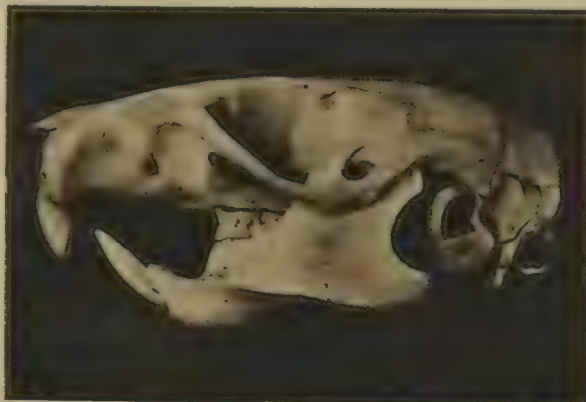
several unsuccessful attempts he left it, and in about five minutes returned with another rat, rather smaller than himself. He then came through the bars, and, pushing his nose under the biscuit, gradually tipped it on edge, rat number two pulling vigorously from the other side; by this means they finally succeeded in getting a 4-in. biscuit through a 2-in. aperture . . . it was evident that the first rat saw that to get the biscuit through the bars it was necessary that it should be on its edge, and not being able to tip it and pull



SHOWING A RAT DRAGGING ANOTHER WITH THE TAIL FIRMLY GRASPED IN ITS FRONT PAWS AND DRAPED OVER ITS SHOULDER: THE TRADITIONAL PICTURE OF TWO RATS CO-OPERATING TO REMOVE AN EGG. Most people have heard of the story of a rat lying on its back holding an egg and being dragged along by another rat, and this picture represents their idea of what is alleged to take place. It is this conception which probably underlies the scepticism as to its feasibility. [Drawings by Jane Burton.]



NEARER WHAT MAY BE CONSIDERED THE ORIGINAL STORY OF THE TWO RATS THAN THE TRADITIONAL PICTURE: AN ARTIST'S RECONSTRUCTION, BASED ON THE WRITTEN RECORD, OF WHAT MAY HAVE TAKEN PLACE. Eye-witness accounts always leave much to be desired and from the description given on this page of two rats combining to steal an egg many details are missing. This picture may therefore be wrong in many features but it is nearer the original story than the traditional picture also reproduced on this page.



SHOWING THE GAP, THE DIASTEMA, BETWEEN THE INCISORS AND THE CHEEK-TEETH: THE SKULL OF A BROWN RAT (*Rattus norvegicus*).

One argument against the feasibility of one rat dragging another along by its tail is the sharpness of a rat's teeth. But between the incisors and the cheek-teeth in all rodents there is a gap, the diastema. This would make possible such an action, without causing injury.

at the same time, he gained the assistance of a friend . . . the concerted action shows also that they must have some wonderfully facile means of communicating ideas."

It might be objected that Kirk was, in writing thus, crediting the rat with greater mental powers than is permissible. But Kirk was a professional zoologist of repute, and he has the support of another. M. A. C. Hinton, who made rodents his special study, writes: "They are diabolically intelligent animals . . . are believed to resort to combination for the attainment of a desirable object." He does add, however, that this is a point "at which narratives tend to verge on the poetical." Poetry apart, Kirk and Hinton between them have admitted enough to justify pursuing our analysis of the rector's story, and have

answered the third of our questions in the affirmative.

It might still be objected that, while the story of two rats carrying an egg might be true, or at least possible it seems an incomprehensibly uncomfortable way of achieving an end that, so far as we can tell, any rat is capable of gaining unaided. Not only would the fur be brushed the wrong way, but, and this is the second point usually raised in criticism, a rodent's teeth being what they are, there is the likelihood of painful damage to a tail being used as a tow-rope. There are sufficient answers to counter these arguments. Animals perform actions that to our eyes appear uncomfortable, or even unreasonable. As to damage to the tail, possibly this is avoided by its being held in the diastema, the gap between the chisel-sharp incisors and the cheek-teeth. Unfortunately, observers do not record such trivial details as these. On the other hand, there are reliable records of columns of rats on the march, fording rivers in the mass, swimming and holding on to the tails of those in front of them.

When we come to incomprehensible or unreasonable behaviour we have before us such stories as the pocket gopher that collected 250 golf balls from a course in Canada, and stacked them neatly under a pile of timber. More recently we have the account by R. Atkinson in *The Countryside* (1947, p. 117) of a stoat he observed taking hens' eggs from the nest. It carried each egg between the chin and the fore-legs, and to leave the hen-house had to descend five steps. This it did by jumping from one step to another, using the hind-legs and the tail as a sort of tripod, both in taking-off and landing. Then it hopped, kangaroo fashion, to a stone wall. It was subsequently learned that the hen-house contained half-a-dozen breeding hens, but although their owner had every reason for believing they had been laying for two to three weeks, not one egg had he found. Atkinson describes how he examined the stone wall, into which he had seen the stoat disappear, and found several eggs, uncracked and undamaged. These must have been carried down five steps, transported twenty-five yards along the ground, and taken 3 ft. up the almost vertical face of the wall.

Behaviour in an animal is the result mainly of an innate pattern, with a certain percentage, which increases as we ascend the animal kingdom, of what is variously called plastic behaviour, adaptiveness or intelligence. There are, however, certain factors which can interfere with normal behaviour, and could produce the unusual actions, which are observed on rare occasions and are the cause of a certain amount of scepticism and often form the basis for legend. It is not possible to examine these factors in detail here, nor is it suggested that any such examination would necessarily confirm or refute the story with which we started, or those that have been discussed in relation to it. One point, however, is worth making. Calhoun, in the *Journal of Mammalogy* (1952, p. 146) has shown that, while most rats store food in their burrows, those that have received "mild degrees of punitive action" from other rats are more prone to do so. And the more excessive this punitive action, the more they are inclined to deposit the booty at scattered points, not in their burrows, and to pay no further attention to it. One other point stressed is that rats, and other things, where the population is dense, are apt to be physically stunted even when well-fed and healthy. Such dwarfism, and also gigantism, may lead to "behavioral disturbances arising from unstable social environments."

The rector's story may be founded upon faulty observation. At least, the collateral evidence suggests that it is not impossible. If true, it represents abnormal behaviour, rarely performed, and arising almost certainly from abnormal circumstances of the environment. What these may be is a matter for speculation, but I hope to deal with some of them later.

THE GILLING CASTLE PANELLING.



NOW RESTORED TO ITS ELIZABETHAN SPLENDOUR: THE GREAT CHAMBER AT GILLING CASTLE DECORATED BY THE ORDER OF SIR WILLIAM FAIRFAX.



THE PANELLING AT GILLING CASTLE BEFORE IT WAS DISMANTLED. IT HAS NOW BEEN REPLACED AFTER BEING IN STORAGE FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS.



AS IT APPEARED UNTIL 1929 AND WILL AGAIN: THE GREAT CHAMBER FROM THE NORTH-WEST CORNER, SHOWING THE CELEBRATED PANELLING.

In 1930 the panelling from the great Chamber at Gilling Castle, near Helmsley, Yorks, one of the finest surviving Elizabethan rooms, was sold for £23,000 to Mr. William R. Hearst, the U.S. newspaper proprietor, who died last year. Pending its installation elsewhere, it was stored in crates in England for twenty-one years. It was bought from his estate for £5,500 by Mallett and Son, who offered the panelling to Ampleforth College, which now occupies Gilling Castle, for £6,000. The firm sold the panelling for this price, despite more attractive offers from abroad, so that it might once again be restored to its original position. The Great Chamber, regarded as one of the most magnificent specimens of decorative work in Britain, has now been restored and an opening ceremony was arranged for September 17. The room, which is 39 ft. long and 22 ft. wide, was decorated by the order of Sir William Fairfax between 1571 and 1585.

LYNMOUTH LIVES AGAIN.

On Saturday, September 13—four weeks after the floods devastated it—Lynmouth was reopened to the public at noon, after a brief ceremony in which Mrs. Slater, the chairman of the Lynton U.D.C., raised the Union Flag at a flagpole erected on the car-park which now marks the site of the floods' severest damage. This is only the first stage in the rebirth of Lynmouth, and only a few residents whose homes were on higher ground and in which the main drainage is connected were able to return home. A number of shopkeepers returned to do business, but would leave the town each evening. Thousands of sightseers visited the town, however, and souvenir traders and café proprietors did a brisk business. It was expected that the main drainage system would be finished by September 18 and more residents would be able to return on that date. Plans for the permanent rebuilding of the stricken town were before the local council and the Devon County Council, but, at the date of writing, they had not been made public.



LYNMOUTH LIVES AGAIN: MRS. SLATER, CHAIRMAN OF LYNTON U.D.C., HOISTS THE UNION FLAG AT THE PARTIAL REOPENING CEREMONY.



THE OFFICIAL PARTY—DURING THE CEREMONY REOPENING LYNMOUTH IN PART—MOVING ON TOWARDS THE BAILEY BRIDGE WHICH THE ARMY BUILT.



WITH VISITORS ONCE MORE ROAMING THROUGH ITS FLOOD-BATTERED STREETS: LYNMOUTH, SHOWING THE FOOT OF COUNTISBURY HILL, LEFT-CENTRE.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

QUITE A DAY OF IT.

By ALAN DENT.

AS the new film whose Press-show I was about to see was called "24 Hours in a Woman's Life," I conceived the notion of making a journal of a film-critic's single day for this page. In theory, the one serious danger attending this notion was that the day might prove to be too utterly a non-exception—just one of those frequent days when I attend the cinema once, or even twice, and find nothing notable enough to comment upon—a workaday day, in short. The result could hardly be other than a workaday page.

film's author, director, producer, chief camera-man, and chief backer on the same occasions.

This happened to be a particularly pleasant and tactful buffet-lunch, with cold Provençal dishes and endearing Provençal wine, and nobody making any kind of public speech or telling us how much we were going to enjoy ourselves. I met many agreeable old acquaintances, and made one or two agreeable new

forgiveness by hurling half-a-pound of solid soot at Scaramouche's left eye as he passed by her window in bridal procession. And the film closed with both bride and bridegroom laughing merrily at the incident in a rapture that no amount of mere soot could possibly smutch.

The big film that followed all happened in gorgeous Mediterranean Technicolor at Antibes. The story of it is narrated by one of those novelists (Leo Genn) who, even in these penniless days, can spend much leisure

in entertaining elegant sun-bathing riff-raff in small but beautifully appointed yachts. His tale has for heroine one Linda (Merle Oberon) who is small but beautifully appointed, like his yacht, and who is of a puritanical turn of mind that seems odd in a very rich and very dressy young widow. For example, she neither drinks nor gambles, and yet she is persuaded to enter the Casino one evening, where she immediately falls in love with the feverish hands and still more feverish face of a young man (Richard Todd) at a moment when he is groping for more money in his pockets and finds nothing but a gun.

She saves him. She finds him a bed in a small hotel. She restores his faith, and in return he tells her that he has even gambled the earrings of his aunt in Paris (a remark which reminds us so delectably of our earliest days in the French class, that an almost audible smile goes round the audience!). They drive away from the wicked town and its sink of a Casino into the mountains to seek redemption in the shape of a priest (Stephen Murray) who is a celebrated composer and whose works have even reached the Royal Albert Hall. Linda has heard his

piano concerto there, and will he play it? He does, and it sounds to me like Liszt and liquorice-water.

On the way back to the sea, Linda decides to give her soul-mate of a day his fare to Paris plus the cost of the pawn-ticket for the earrings, all on condition that he will renounce gambling for ever. He renounces gambling; she renounces him. But emotion overcomes reason and she has to run to the railway-station in time to wave farewell to the train he swore he had bought a ticket for. Grief oddly enough leads Linda back to the Casino—and lo! to her horror, there again are the feverish hands and feverish face of the man she thought she had loved and saved! He is furious, and flings back at her the price of the earrings of his aunt. She comes away broken-hearted, and he stays behind to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

The moral? Mr. Genn's portrait of a budding Maugham suggests at the end nothing more than that love at first sight is perfectly possible, and may lead its victim to behave with a quite idiotic inconsequence even within the space of a single day. The acting? Miss Oberon is handsomely defeated by Linda, Mr. Todd succumbs to the gambler's despair, Mr. Murray washes his hands of the piano-playing priest, and Mr. Genn is at a loss with the novelist who has the story to tell. The only happy performances come from the waves of the blue Mediterranean, which seem, whenever we see them, to be either giggling at the plot or chortling with the audience.

Regarding the rest of my day, brief let me be. In the afternoon I saw a Press-show of four documentary films so pretentiously silly and pointless that they were not even chosen for exhibition at the Edinburgh Festival. And in the evening, in a frantic endeavour to find some mental relaxation after all this frivolity and footling, I deserted the cinema for the theatre and went to see Bernard Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell." No action at all with witty talk is surely to be preferred, even by the film-critic, to witless talk accompanied by a very great deal of action, almost all of which is inept or inane or both together.



A TECHNICOLOR FILM COMPOSED OF THREE OF NOËL COWARD'S ONE-ACT PLAYS: "MEET ME TO-NIGHT," WHICH HAD ITS WORLD PREMIÈRE AT THE ODEON CINEMA, MARBLE ARCH, ON SEPTEMBER 11; A SCENE FROM ONE OF THE TRIO, "FUMED OAK," SHOWING HENRY GOW (STANLEY HOLLOWAY); DORIS GOW (BETTY ANN DAVIES) AND HER MOTHER (MARY MERRALL).

But two other possibilities lay on either side of this danger—a film noticeably better than the common run on the one hand, or a film noticeably worse on the other. I was without a doubt in luck! But the reader impatient to know in which direction, must be told to curb his curiosity and learn to take one thing at a time.

In *primis* and to begin the day, I arose from dreams of lunching with Sir Max Beerbohm and of hearing that diabolical saint and angelic satirist expressing himself most wittily on the British public and its idea of entertainment. But, alas, that Max's observations were as swift and fleeting as the morning mists of Covent Garden, and that they had vanished utterly before I had scraped together the energy to get up and set them down!

My mail was unexceptional and undelightful, its only relevant matter being the request, that arrives every other morning, to go and lecture in some place as remote as Pewsey or Pevensy—or possibly even as far away as Penge—with many expressions of gratitude for the favour, but none whatever of fee or even of expenses. "*Nous ne sommes pas des amateurs!*" as a Turkish dramatic critic remarked to me when we discovered that we had both been invited to write for a Parisian review of so high a cultural status that it winced at the mere suggestion of remuneration for one's views. That was two years ago, and the review in question has since then winced itself into a state of non-existence.

A somewhat unusual feature of this day was that there was to be a lunch for the Press and the film's executive before and not after the film's private showing. My usual policy is to attend a luncheon following a film—if I attend it at all—only when I have unusually enjoyed the film or been unusually held or interested by some particular feature of it. It is, anyhow, the practice to introduce some or even all of the film-actors who have been entrancing or diverting us; and it is always a deep pleasure to me to note whether film-actors use anything like the same technique or display the same finesse in three dimensions that they do in two. Let it be divulged—to anyone interested—that they usually behave exactly like anyone else at a party, only a little more so. That is, they eat with an airier nonchalance, sip their drinks with a rather deeper gravity, see jokes a shade more quickly and laugh more ringingly and unreservedly at those jokes than do ordinary lunch-attending mortals. This, of course, applies equally to the

ones. But, nevertheless, I repaired alone to the major cinema in such good time that I saw the tail-end of the film called "Scaramouche," and thus experienced as much of this as I ever shall see and more than I ever expected to see. This is what I saw and heard. Scaramouche Stewart Granger had, it seemed, turned down a very angry lady in favour of a very radiant one he was going to marry. The angry one shouted at him from a balcony: "She's a lady—but never mind, I like her. Be nice to her; Scaramouche!" The angry lady then belied this odd protestation of

THE CLIMAX OF THE FEUD: A SCENE FROM "RED PEPPERS" IN THE FILM "MEET ME TO-NIGHT," WHEN THE "RED PEPPERS" (KAY WALSH AND TED RAY) BREAK OFF IN THE MIDDLE OF THEIR ACT AND ASSAULT THE CONDUCTOR, BERT BENTLEY (BILL FRASER). IN TRYING TO BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN THE MANAGER HAS INADVERTENTLY STARTED OFF THE FIRE-SPRINKLING SYSTEM. A CHINESE JUGGLING ACT CONTINUES IMPERTURBABLY IN THE BACKGROUND.



A NEW BRITISH FILM SET IN TROUBLE-RIDDEN MALAYA: "THE PLANTER'S WIFE" (A PINNACLE PRODUCTION), DUE TO OPEN AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE CINEMA ON SEPTEMBER 18; A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING (L. TO R.) OVERSEER NAIR (RAM GOPAL); LIZ (CLAUDETTE COLBERT) AND PLANTER JIM FRAZER (JACK HAWKINS).

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and The Illustrated London News will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that the ideal gift for Christmas, particularly for friends overseas, would be a year's subscription to The Illustrated London News.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for The Illustrated London News to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

IN 1953—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.



COMMEMORATING THE CIVIL DEFENCE WORK IN THE CITY OF LONDON: A MURAL WHICH NOW ADORNS ONE OF THE WALLS OF THE GRAND HALL. ANOTHER THREE YEARS OF WORK WILL BE ENTAILED BEFORE THE BUILDING IS FULLY RESTORED AND RENOVATED.



REOPENED FOR PUBLIC USE ON SEPTEMBER 9 BUT TO BE OFFICIALLY REOPENED ON OCTOBER 14: THE OLD BAILEY—A VIEW OF THE GRAND HALL.



A NEW COURT ON THE GROUND FLOOR: COURT NO. 5, WHICH WILL PROVIDE THE OLD BAILEY FOR THE FIRST TIME WITH FIVE COURTS WHEN ALL ARE COMPLETED.



THE GRAND HALL, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE MURAL COMMEMORATING LONDON'S CIVIL DEFENCE WORK; AND PART OF THE STAIRCASE.



A PRISONER'S EYE-VIEW: THE JUDGE'S BENCH IN COURT NO. 2, SEEN FROM THE DOCK. ON THE RIGHT IS THE PUBLIC GALLERY.

THE RESTORATION AND RENOVATION OF THE WAR-DAMAGED CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT: SCENES AT THE OLD BAILEY.

The Central Criminal Court—known as the Old Bailey—is being restored after having been damaged at least three times during World War II. It was reopened for public use on September 9, and an official reopening will take place on October 14. Another three years' work will be entailed before the building is fully renovated. In July, 1950, the Common Council of the City of London approved a scheme of repair at a cost of nearly £500,000, upon which

work began the following August. The first stage in the work has now been completed, and three of the permanent courts, including a new one, have been opened. Many improvements have been introduced in the building, particularly in heating and ventilation. In the three domes of the Grand Hall the murals have been either freshened up or repainted under the direction of Mr. Gerald Moira, who was one of the two artists who worked on the original panels.

UNIQUE DOG SCULPTURES OF MEDIAEVAL ISLAM: RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE ANCIENT MESOPOTAMIAN CITY OF HARRAN AND LIGHT ON THE LITTLE-KNOWN NUMAIRID DYNASTY.

By DR. D. S. RICE, Reader in Islamic Art and Archaeology in the University of London.

The clearance of an eleventh-century gateway of the Citadel of Harran was undertaken by Dr. Rice in May, 1951, with the support of the School of Oriental and African Studies of the University of London, as part of the work of the Anglo-Turkish Archaeological Expedition in the district—reported in "The Illustrated London



FIG. 1. INHABITED WITHOUT INTERRUPTION SINCE THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C. UNTIL THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY A.D.: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT CITY-SITE OF HARRAN. THE BEEHIVE HUTS ARE THE HABITATIONS OF SEMI-NOMADS OF TO-DAY. IN THE CENTRE ARE THE RUINS OF THE GREAT MOSQUE AND MINARET; AND TO THE LEFT IS THE ANCIENT MOUND.

News" of September 1, 1951. Work on this site is being continued. The Anglo-Turkish Expedition was led by Bay Nuri Gökce, Director of the Hittite Museum, Ankara, and Mr. Seton Lloyd, Director of the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara.

HARRAN of the Old Testament, Carrhæ to the Romans and Hellenopolis to the Fathers of the Church, was for many centuries a prosperous city situated on a cross-road east of the Euphrates. Two major trade routes, linking Syria and Asia Minor with Mesopotamia, passed through it.

The city was a provincial capital as early as the Second Millennium B.C. and continued to be inhabited, without interruption, until the thirteenth century A.D. It was ruled over, in turn, by Assyrians, Greeks, Romans and Persians before the Arabs annexed it peacefully in A.D. 639. For a brief period Harran became the capital of the Umayyad Empire and the seat of the last Umayyad Caliph, Marwan II. (A.D. 744-750).

During the Middle Ages Harran was famous as a centre of the Sabian cult. Little is known of the Harranian Sabians and that only through the writings of their adversaries. They appear to have combined certain pagan practices and beliefs with hermetic and neoplatonic ideas. The Muslims tolerated them on the same basis as the Christians and Jews, and at least one Sabian temple was in use at Harran as late as the first half of the eleventh century A.D. According to some mediæval literary sources, this temple was part of the citadel of Harran.

Under Muslim rule Harran enjoyed 600 years of relatively peaceful existence, until its deliberate destruction by the Mongols in A.D. 1260. The Mongols, to whom the city offered no strategic or commercial advantage, evacuated the population, destroyed the Great Mosque, walled up the gates of the city and allowed it to fall to ruins. To-day the square mile or so of ruins, still enclosed by the remnants of the mediæval walls, is only sparsely inhabited by semi-nomads who dwell in beehive-shaped huts made of unbaked bricks (Fig. 1).

meeting of Rachel and Jacob (Genesis, 29).

A mound rising 70 ft. above ground in the centre of the ruined city shows some signs of pre-Christian occupation. The majority of the ruins visible on the surface, however, fall into the Islamic period.

The major monuments of interest are: (1) the shrine of Sheikh Hayat al-Harrani; (2) the Great Friday Mosque; (3) the Aleppo Gate; and (4) the Citadel (Fig. 3). The shrine was built in A.D. 1196 to commemorate a local saint—it is now used as a mosque and has not yet been studied. The Friday Mosque was identified as such by Sachau in 1879 and its plan was drawn by Preusser (1906) and Creswell (1919 and 1930). Though its plan closely resembles that of certain Umayyad mosques of the early eighth century, the bulk of the visible masonry and ornament belongs to the twelfth century. Soundings are necessary before the original plan can be established, and it is hoped to undertake these during the

East of the oval-shaped city lies the shallow bed of the Jullâb River, which is dry most of the year. Drinking-water is drawn from a well situated five miles west of the town. It is called the "Well of the Jacobite" (*bi'r al-ya'qûbiya*), a name which evokes the

who published plans of the visible structure. The Citadel, which is roughly rectangular and built almost entirely of stone, is three storeys high in places and contains more than 150 chambers. At three of the four corners are remains of eleven-sided towers (Fig. 2) (a fourth probably occupied the remaining corner), and a smaller eleven-sided watch tower is situated on the south-east wall. Some of the walls are up to 10 ft. thick.

In the middle of the south-east façade are remains of two small solid towers (12 by 13 ft.) faced with basalt slabs. These towers, which stand 13 ft. apart, belong to the earliest part of the building visible above ground. In the course of six days in May, 1951, it was possible partly to clear the space between the basalt towers down to the threshold of the gate which lay buried under 22 ft. of débris. The excavation revealed the remains of a horse-shoe arch with a span of 7 ft., springing from moulded impost decorated with a guilloche and dentils (Fig. 4). Beneath the imposts, on the two wall-piers flanking the gate, were reliefs each representing a pair of dogs with collars and leads (Figs. 5-7). The horse-shoe arch, imposts, reliefs and wall-piers are of basalt. Fragments of two birds of prey carved in basalt were also found among the débris and it seems that they had originally decorated the spandrels of the arch.

Lying haphazardly among the débris were fragments of an Arabic inscription in bold kufic characters carved in relief on basalt blocks 1 ft. wide (Figs. 8-9). The inscription which originally decorated the walls of the two towers and the wall above the horse-shoe arch probably collapsed in an earthquake. The text which could be reconstructed indicated that the basalt building (whose nature is not revealed) was erected by order of Mani', son of Shabîb, the Numairid, in the year 451 of the Hijra, which corresponds to A.D. 1059.

The inscription found at Harran and the construction which it dates are the only vestiges of the little-known dynasty of Numairid Emirs to be revealed so far. The Numairids, who were of Bedouin stock, took

advantage of the inability of the three great powers of the time (the Abbasids of Baghdad, the Byzantines and the Fatimids of Egypt) to annex Northern Mesopotamia and established a small Emirate with Harran as their capital. There they maintained themselves as virtually independent rulers from A.D. 990 to 1070, when they were supplanted by governors appointed by the Seljuq Turks. Mani', the son of Shabîb, was the third and last important ruler of the Numairid House. In A.D. 1058 he recognised the nominal suzerainty of the Fatimid Caliph of Cairo and the titles which he claims in his inscription are probably those granted to him by the Caliph on this occasion.

The reliefs which decorate the Numairid gateway deserve particular attention, as sculptures of living forms are not common in Islamic art. The subjects chosen, wherever they appear on Muslim buildings, are felines, particularly lions, horned quadrupeds, dragons and birds, but no sculptures of dogs have so far been found. The reliefs unearthed at Harran show two pairs of dogs moving towards the centre of the gate with their heads turned backwards. [Continued opposite.]



FIG. 2. THE ELEVEN-SIDED TOWER OF THE CITADEL OF HARRAN, THE BEST-PRESERVED OF FOUR TOWERS, WITH ITS STRIKING PATTERN OF SERRATED STONE.

coming season. (This was done in the 1952 season). The Aleppo Gate is the best-preserved of the city's eight mediæval gates and can be dated by an inscription to the reign of al-Adil, Saladin's brother, the Saphadin of the Crusaders (A.D. 1194-99).

The Citadel is the best-preserved and the largest of the Islamic monuments of Harran (430 by 300 ft.). Until recently it was known only from brief references by Sachau (1879), Preusser (1906) and T. E. Lawrence (1911), and was first surveyed by Mr. Seton Lloyd (1950).



FIG. 3. THE SOUTH-EAST FAÇADE OF THE ISLAMIC CITADEL OF HARRAN: IN THE CENTRE OF THIS FAÇADE WAS DISCOVERED THE GATEWAY OF THE DOG SCULPTURES. SEE FIGS. 4-7.



FIG. 4. RECENTLY REVEALED, WITH ITS PROBABLY UNIQUE DOG SCULPTURES: THE NUMAIRID (ELEVENTH CENTURY A.D.) GATEWAY OF HARRAN, DURING EXCAVATION. THE POINTED ARCH IS LATER.

THE UNIQUE DOGS OF MEDIÆVAL HARRAN, NEW LIGHT ON THE ART AND HISTORY OF THE ISLAMIC NUMAIRID DYNASTY.

Continued.]

The carving on the western wall-pier portrays hunting-dogs with stiff collars and chains (Fig. 6); that on the eastern wall-pier shows shepherd dogs with soft collars and leads made of twisted ropes (Figs. 5 and 7). (Shepherd dogs should not be confused with sheep dogs. They are not employed to herd cattle, but to guard them against marauders.) At first sight, one is struck by the sculptor's apparently realistic treatment of the animals, but on closer scrutiny it will be noted that they are portrayed in impossible positions: the front parts of the bodies are shown in movement while the hind parts are crouching. Both reliefs are well preserved. This is probably due to the fact that they remained hidden and protected by a wall of limestone ashlar built at a later date. This limestone wall completely encases the flanking towers. Near the western tower it is preserved to the height of eight courses (approximately 14 ins. each), and includes the springing of a vault which joined the

(Continued below.)



FIG. 5. THE BASALT SHEPHERD DOGS OF THE NUMAIRID ARCHWAY. LIVING FORMS ARE RARE IN ISLAMIC SCULPTURE, AND IT IS BELIEVED THAT SCULPTURED DOGS ARE UNKNOWN EXCEPT FOR THESE NEW EXAMPLES.



FIGS. 6 AND 7. A CLOSE-UP OF THE DOGS OF THE LEFT-HAND CAPITAL (ABOVE), WHICH ARE HUNTING-DOGS WITH CHAINS AND STIFF COLLARS; AND (RIGHT) THE OTHER PAIR, SHEPHERD DOGS, WITH TWISTED ROPE LEADS AND SOFTER COLLARS.

Continued.]

two towers into one. A small pointed limestone arch was also built in the gateway (Fig. 4), behind the basalt horse-shoe arch and supports a kufic inscription on basalt which reproduces part of a Koranic verse (Sura 112). This inscription is not part of the historical text of A.D. 1059, but it is almost certainly contemporary with it. The limestone construction can be dated with fair accuracy by the potsherds found near it. Nearly all the fragments of pottery come from under-glaze-painted and lustre wares which are typical products of Raqqa, on the Euphrates (two days' journey by camel south of Harran). They are fragments of twelfth-century wares. The extent and precise nature of the Numairid construction of A.D. 1059 cannot be assessed until the entrance into the "keep" of the Citadel can be cleared, a task which, it is hoped, will be undertaken in the near future.



FIG. 8. EXCAVATING THE NUMAIRID GATEWAY; AND SHOWING THE FIRST NUMAIRID INSCRIPTION (A.D. 1059) TO BE DISCOVERED. THIS PHOTOGRAPH ALSO SHOWS THE ORIGINAL HORSESHOE ARCH, WHICH WAS LATER CONCEALED.



FIG. 9. PARTS OF THE NUMAIRID INSCRIPTION LYING ON THE SITE (SOME UPSIDE DOWN) AFTER THEIR EXCAVATION. THEY GIVE THE TITLES OF MANI', SON OF SHABIB, AND THE YEAR 451 OF THE HIJRA.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A VICTORIA AND ALBERT CIRCUS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

also have come the earthenware pots with fine, fat, coloured glazes reaching nearly to the foot, which are the real beginnings of all later glories shown in great variety in other show-cases.

We are so accustomed by now to the shapes of all pieces illustrated on this page that it is a little difficult to realise that just over a century ago the only one

of at a Grecian Urn in the British Museum, an even finer sonnet might not have passed into the language. Certainly so sensitive a mind would not have failed to recognise the quiet dignity of the three pieces from the Sung Dynasty (A.D. 960-1279), Figs. 1 and 4, which, for all their severity, bear the mark of greatness, and have been imitated, with greater or less success, by a host of modern potters both in Europe and the Far East. In none of these have the Chinese yet attained to true porcelain.

The vase of Fig. 4 is of white earthenware, covered with a creamy glaze. The bowl in Fig. 1, also of earthenware, is covered with a lustrous brown-black glaze, and the type—which was made first at Chien-an, in Fukien Province, and later at Chien-yang—captured the imagination of the Japanese from the very beginning and they have imitated it ever since. The ware is confined almost entirely to these little conical tea-bowls, and they are, in their modest way, astounding examples of a classic tradition. Nor can they be said to be beyond the reach of ordinary people—I see that this particular example is valued for insurance purposes at £8. Also in Fig. 1 is a noble specimen of T'zu Chou ware; the body is buff-grey stoneware. The glaze is dark brown-black, with a design of freely-drawn lotus scrolls. Looking again at the massive stoneware vase of Fig. 3, decorated with coloured glazes filled into raised designs, I think that I was probably mistaken in writing previously that such a thing could not have been seen by John Keats—it is rare enough to-day, and was

rarer then, but some certainly did find their way to Europe before this century, though I doubt whether anyone could at that time have given them a date; nor could anyone have guessed that this vigorous, rather masculine style—the piece was made about 1500—was not so much a new venture away from the classic delicacy of much of the pottery and porcelain of Sung times as a reversion back to the much older tradition of the T'ang Dynasty.

There is, in fact, a rather interesting parallel—which must not be pressed too far—between what was

happening in the world of art in Italy in the fifteenth century and in China. With us the New Learning brought with it an extraordinary change in all the things made by the hand of man, from cathedrals to door knockers, and men looked back to classical antiquity for their models. In China there was also a rebirth of a somewhat different character—an alien dynasty, that of the Mongols, was overthrown by the Chinese Hung-wu (in 1368), who became the first emperor of the Ming Dynasty, and the nation embarked upon a whole series of experiments with wonderful vigour and self confidence. The results were sometimes clumsy, but never tame.

The later stages of Chinese ceramic history are illustrated by a charming series of vases and plates—"famille noire," "verte" and "rose," and by numerous blue-and-white pieces, of which the eighteenth-century stem-cup of Fig. 5 is a perfect example. Blue and white is rather out of favour nowadays, thanks to the craze for it in the 1880's and 1890's, a multitude of bad imitations, and the gradual realisation that what used to be considered very early Ming pieces were often of much later date or deliberate forgeries. A carefully-selected show like this makes one realise how very fine the real blue and white can be, not merely the rare Ming pieces which collectors prize before all others, but the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century examples—and that reminds me of another small collection of blue and white, housed rather incongruously in a Dutch walnut cabinet, which glows softly amid the Elizabethan magnificence of Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire—a trifling matter amid such sober splendour, but jewel-like.



I CALL the things circuses because they circulate, which is of the essence of a circus. Moreover, they are sent round the country by the Circulating Department—that is, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and that lively and beneficent institution, unlike other august entities, such as the British Museum, is not the offspring of an Act of Parliament, but a department of the Ministry of Education, and is therefore in honour bound to try to do us good. Now, I detest being done good to by professional pedagogues, and am therefore a prejudiced witness from the start, and this should render my testimony, which is wholly in favour of the activities of the Victoria and Albert Museum, doubly valuable. The truth is that, while these earnest and erudite persons are busily engaged in trying to educate me, they are well aware that information only becomes palatable to the majority of us when it is entertaining, and so they have mastered all the arts of showmanship—and the result is a series of highly civilised circuses which find their way into remote corners for the benefit of those of us who but rarely come to town.

There are several of these entertainments in circulation, and I am concerned at the moment with one of them only, which I came across by chance in the Usher Gallery at Lincoln—that is, an exhibition of Chinese Pottery and Porcelain chosen from the vast collection belonging to the Museum. Those who imagine that such a show as this must inevitably be drawn from third-rate objects because of the hazards attaching to the movement of delicate works of art, can revise their ideas at once. It is a beautifully balanced exhibition which illustrates in a small compass

and with singular clarity the whole range of Chinese ceramics over a period of 2000 years; it is charmingly arranged, with adequate explanatory labels, and it is as good an introduction to the subject for the diffident amateur as is possible to imagine. There are eighty pieces, ranging in value from £5 to £500 each. If it should come within range, don't miss it; and in any case it is national—that is, your property, and you might as well take an interest in your inheritance.

We owe a great deal of the early part of the exhibition, as we owe so many fine things from other parts of the world, to the custom of burying with the dead pottery figures—women, horses, camels, servants—to accompany the spirit into the unknown, and these, though they must have been produced by the thousand, show a remarkable liveliness and grace (Fig. 2), so that it is no wonder that when they first began to come to Europe about fifty years ago they aroused the greatest admiration and consequently attracted the attention of the forger who, in this instance, did not have to bother his head with intricate problems of colours and glazes, for buff-white earthenware is not difficult to imitate and a little mud, plastered on here and there, can be most convincing. The originals are mainly from the time of the T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618-906) and, apart from their interest as minor works of art, afford valuable evidence as to the manners and customs of the period—nor, for all their humble material, are they carelessly made; a delightful model bullock-cart and driver, for example, is one of the exhibits, and the wheels of the cart revolve with accuracy. From this period



FIG. 1. EXAMPLES OF CHIEN-AN AND T'ZU CHOU WARE FROM THE SUNG DYNASTY: (LEFT) A CONICAL TEA-BOWL OF EARTHENWARE COVERED WITH A LUSTROUS BROWNY-BLACK GLAZE; AND (RIGHT) A VASE IN BUFF-GREY STONWARE WITH A DARK BROWNY-BLACK GLAZE BEARING A DESIGN OF FREELY-DRAWN LOTUS SCROLLS.



FIG. 3. IN VIGOROUS RATHER MASCULINE STYLE: A STONWARE VASE DECORATED WITH COLOURED GLAZES FILLED INTO RAISED DESIGNS. (C. A.D. 1500; MING.)

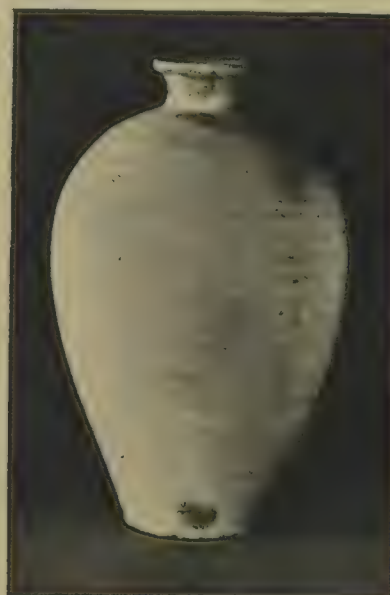


FIG. 4. IMITATED WITH GREATER OR LESS SUCCESS BY A HOST OF MODERN POTTERS BOTH IN EUROPE AND THE FAR EAST: AN EXAMPLE FROM THE SUNG DYNASTY (A.D. 960-1279)—A VASE OF WHITE EARTHENWARE, COVERED WITH A CREAMY GLAZE.



FIG. 5. A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THE NUMEROUS BLUE-AND-WHITE PIECES IN THE EXHIBITION OF CHINESE POTTERY AND PORCELAIN IN THE USHER GALLERY AT LINCOLN: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STEM-CUP WITH A BLUE-AND-WHITE UNDERGLAZE AND DECORATED WITH FLOWERS AND FESTOONS OF BEADS. (K'UEN LUNG, 1736-1796.)

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of them likely to have been seen by John Keats was the blue-and-white stem-cup of Fig. 5; and I have often speculated whether, had it been possible for him to have gazed at such a collection as this, instead

ART OF THE FAR EAST—IN THE V. AND A.'S NEW PRIMARY COLLECTION.



THE NEWLY-OPENED FAR EASTERN COURT IN THE V. AND A. MUSEUM: IN WHICH THE PRIMARY COLLECTION OF THE ARTS OF CHINA, JAPAN, KOREA AND SIAM ARE DISPLAYED.



A WOODEN STATUE OF A SEATED FIGURE OF KUAN-YIN, THE BUDDHIST DIVINITY OF MERCY. FROM THE EUMORPHOPOULOS COLLECTION.



IN THE FAR EASTERN COURT: THE RED LACQUER THRONE OF THE EMPEROR CHIEN LUNG, FROM THE PEKIN SUMMER PALACE, BEFORE A BLACK LACQUER COROMANDEL SCREEN.



A CHINESE EMPEROR'S ICE-CHEST (EIGHTEENTH CENTURY): OF GILT BRONZE AND CLOISONNÉ. THE PURPOSE OF THE CHEST WAS TO COOL THE AIR.

On September 12 the Far Eastern Court was opened in the Victoria and Albert Museum. This follows the extremely successful post-war policy of the Museum in arranging what are called "primary collections"—that is to say, illustrating a single theme, such as the art of a particular civilisation, country or age, by grouping together the finest things available in a single gallery in such a way that they summarise the theme and at the same time serve, as it were, as a



A SPLENDID GROUP OF CHINESE IMPERIAL ROBES OF THE 18TH AND EARLY 19TH CENTURIES—PERHAPS THE MOST STRIKING SINGLE GROUP IN THE NEW COURT.

shoe-horn to a more detailed interest. In the Far Eastern Court, by far the greatest number of the objects are Chinese (from about 2500 B.C. to the early nineteenth century); next come objects from Japan (most of the sixteenth century or later); and there are as well selections from the arts of Korea and Siam. As can be seen from our general view of the gallery, the Court is dominated by a magnificent group of Chinese Imperial robes.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THE first of this week's novels is pre-war; it is "The House of Men," by Marcel Aymé (Bodley Head; 11s. 6d.), and it appeared in 1935. Only in French it was "La Maison Basse." The English title has a rather strenuous, didactic air, which leads one far out of the way. For though the story has no doubt a "moral"—though one might even treat it as a parable—its gift is a bewitching smoothness in surprise. It is all grace and style: a book with which one can be very happy.

But to convey the magic is another thing. It is about a tall, new, nondescript apartment house in a rather seedy district of Montmartre. This block of flats is, so to speak, distinguished by its non-existence. It has no atmosphere at all. Its tenants have no mental image of it. Indeed, they never recognise it at first glance, and have to take their bearings by the "low house," a strange and squat little anomaly across the street. For the low house is real. But though their own is in a sense not there—or just because of that—it is unceasingly at work. Its rôle is to prevent existence. Inside the separate flats people can live—though there is still a faint, uncomfortable intuition of "being nowhere." But they have no existence for each other. They don't consort; they fade out of each other's minds. And all this without *parti pris*, even against their wills; simply, the house is non-conducting. On the long, long stairway, especially at night, this void becomes a deathly spell.

The person most aware of it is also the one inmate who *preferred* the house. The others simply happened on a flat within their means, but Jardin chose to come. He is an engineer, with seven suicide attempts behind him. The failures were not due to accident, or insincerity. He has a wife and two young children; he has told Pauline everything, and has engaged to warn her. And so, whenever he sets out for the canal, she sets the rescue apparatus working. But he can't not try; the rapture of un-being has him in thrall. And what he finds in the new building is complicity. Pauline is conscious of it too; and in her life of strain and sacrifice she feels revived by gazing at the "low house."

And yet the low house is the tragic factor. If M. Chourier, who lives there, had not run into little Jalamoï, who has inherited the block of flats, and had not summed them up as "anti-communist"—which means, to Jalamoï, unneighbourly—it might have saved a crime. If Pauline had been less revived, it would have saved her child from the dark stairway.

For the tale is ruthless; the frail, predestined victim is engulfed. Yet the effect is of delight all through. The comedy, which runs through every scene, has a delicious flavour. And nearly all the characters have charm; not just because they have, but because M. Aymé brings it out in them, or lends it to them, like a state of grace.

"Mr. Smith," by Louis Bromfield (Cassell; 15s.), should not be called on to compete. But it is disappointing in itself. The author's choice of theme has made things hard for him—or else too easy, if you look at it like that.

First, though a long book it has wonderfully little story. It is the manuscript of a "dead man," written in years of solitude on a Pacific island. There, with a sergeant and three men, he is in charge of stores which nobody will ever want, and which will doubtless end up in the sea. The inactivity is absolute, the heat is bad, the "fuzzy-wuzzies" are disgusting. But Ferris doesn't mind, for he is used to worse. He has spent all his life in Oakdale, Crescent City, where he had a "lovely home," a well-dressed and devoted wife, two cars, two children and the blessings of a "nice community" of highly sociable neighbours. Now he can get it off his chest. He has already tried three times, locking himself away from the devoted Enid in the small hours, but it wouldn't come. Now, in the peace and quiet of war, it fairly gushes out—with times off for the island scene, and the repulsiveness of the poor white from Georgia who is about to shoot him.

As you may guess, he is denouncing Oakdale, with its cars, its happy marriages, its social virtues, its American ideals, as an abyss of blank despair. It is "a kind of purge"—"I had to put *everything* down because that is the only way it can be done." This, on the first page, has a Rousseauesque effect. But then, consider: by definition he is "Mr. Smith," an average man reared in a narrow, philistine tradition, with neither culture nor experience, only a mass of late and undigested reading. One would expect him to "keep fumbling and fumbling" (as he remarks himself). One would expect him to be turgid, commonplace, repetitive—and so he is. But he has vigour; and on his marriage he is really biting.

"Clara," by Lonnie Coleman (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a first novel. And unlike "Mr. Smith," it is a novel, quite short but all alive. A tale unfolds; each scene is thoroughly imagined and displayed, and the narrating voice is, as it were, a feature of the plot. It is a voice from Pluma, Alabama. There, Lilian lives with her Aunt Aster—who is a trifle queer, and going to be much queerer yet. "Sister" has found a dull young husband and removed to Bloomingdale; and Pil's employer is the melancholy Carl. Lilian doesn't want Carl, yet she does; and anyhow, she takes him. They are foredoomed to torture one another—and the coloured Clara looks after the house. This is the set-up all along. Always the same spot and the same few people, with no real change of character (and Lilian's character is far from good), still less a moment of conversion. Yet in the end, feelings and situation are transformed. There has been violent drama; and thanks to Lilian's gusto, her naïve self-portrait and her raciness of tongue, there is a lot of fun as well.

"Death in Captivity," by Michael Gilbert (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), is, as a "problem," slightly below par. It all takes place in an Italian prison camp in the last days of Fascism, and it is really an escapero's story. The body of the Greek Coutoules—who was perhaps a spy—turns up under a fall of sand in the escape tunnel. Colonel Benucci brings a charge of murder, and selects a "criminal," while the Escape Committee nominate a private sleuth. But somehow this detective element is never gripping; and for long stretches it goes underground, in favour of camp life and "humours," the problems looming up in a débâcle, and the big tunnel drama. All this is fascinating and first-rate.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

OUTWARD AND VISIBLE SIGNS.

THE Commission appointed by the Church Assembly to consider the problem of church repairs has reported that at least £4,000,000 is required for spending over a period of ten years to place our churches—there are over 12,000 parish churches alone—in anything like proper repair. I cannot think of a more admirable and timely (if unintentional) piece of propaganda for any fund which the Church Assembly is thinking of launching than "English Parish Churches," by Graham Hutton, with photographs by Edwin Smith (Thames and Hudson; 42s.). For Mr. Graham Hutton, deserting for the moment the colder world of economics and the popular world of the television screen, writes with loving enthusiasm for his subjects. For him "the parish churches of England epitomise English history and the English way of life better than any other institution,"

for the reason that, unlike the Continental parish churches, which are the recognisable children of cathedrals, English parish churches have a peculiar history and existence of their own. They are "the oldest—because they were the first—communal buildings in English history; and every change in the history—social, cultural, military and religious—is reflected in them." Mr. Hutton rightly stresses the fact that pagan, Saxon England, which destroyed the Romano-British towns in hatred and fear, took a very different path from the other barbarian invaders, Visigoths, Franks, Burgundians, Ostrogoths and Lombards, who flooded the Roman world. In the case of the latter they came more or less quickly under the spell of the great traditions they had set out to destroy. In the case of the Saxons in England, however, their complete break with the Romano-British past made them much more nearly a people of one kind than the slowly evolving peoples of the countries which were later to become France, Germany, Italy or Spain. As a result, there has always been a certain amount of nonconformity, dating from the Celtic church which found St. Augustine "arrogant" and which had to bow to the Roman rite at the Synod of Whitby. The span of this book may be judged from the fact that two of the first churches portrayed—Brixworth and Escomb—were founded half-a-dozen years or so after the Irish monks had to leave Northumbria in 664. It extends to the outbreak of the Victorian Gothic revival, which is wisely not included in this exquisite volume. If the English churches here caught by the skilful lens of Mr. Edwin Smith are of a breath-taking beauty, what must they have been like in the days when they were built to form the centre of the spiritual and secular activities of their several parts of the countryside? As Mr. Graham Hutton points out, up to the Reformation the English parish church was generally plastered over within and without, and richly painted with edifying picture stories to keep, as St. Apollinaris Sedonius says, crude minds off other subjects. "In the case of the larger churches, all statuary—whether inside the building or out—on tombs, rood-screens, etc.—was painted in rich colours. We can scarcely visualise how splendid a parish church must have seemed to its parishioners, who, wresting a poor living from the soil, had leisure forced upon them, not only by the changing seasons, but through the incidence of saints' days, wars, sickness and festivals." It is a waste, however, of my time and yours to try and describe the quality of this book and its photographs in words. I can only suggest that it is as good a two-guineas' worth as you are likely to find in a long day and if it does something to rouse the laity of the Church of England to the peril in which not merely the doctrines of Christianity stand, but which faces these structures which are the outward and visible sign of the centuries of faith, then it will indeed have fulfilled a noble purpose.

I suppose the invention of the flying-machine has done more harm to civilisation than any single invention, with the exception of gunpowder and the, as yet largely untested, delights of nuclear fission. However, the damnable things, for worse rather than better, are with us, and I suppose therefore it is necessary that for our own safety we should make better and faster specimens and offer a regular and constant sacrifice of gallant youth to this strange and terrible new god. When Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, who has written his autobiography, "The Fated Sky" (Hutchinson; 18s.), first started to fly at Netheraven in 1912, he can have had no conception of the incredible developments in flying which lay such a comparatively little way ahead in time. For in that year there were a number of fatal accidents to monoplanes so that the R.F.C. banned them, concentrating on biplanes, until the monoplane once more came into its own in the late '30's. His first aircraft had a 35-h.p. engine, and he records with enthusiasm his possession of a 50-h.p. single-seater which was allotted to him in the summer of 1913. His story has its moral, for he describes the frustration which R.A.F. officers must have felt during the long period of disarmament, when we threw away an overwhelming air superiority which only luck, devotion and courage enabled us to recreate to meet a second foreseeable emergency. Those who remember Sir Philip Joubert's broadcasts will not be surprised to find that he writes as agreeably as he used to broadcast.

"Mission to Korea," by Edgar S. Kennedy (Verschoyle; 16s.), is a book which is at once serious, entertaining and disheartening. Mr. Kennedy was seconded from the International Refugee Organisation to a United Nations Mission to deal with the millions of refugees created by the Korean war. The book is entertaining because of his mordant approach to American and other red tape, serious because of the desperately grave problems he lays before us and disheartening because one sets down this valuable book with the feeling that there can never be, on the face of it, a satisfactory conclusion of this miserable conflict.

If "English Parish Churches" is a book which every visitor to Britain should invest in if he wishes to understand the background of English life, the volume in the Queen's Scotland Series, "Edinburgh and the Lothians," by Theo Lang (Hodder and Stoughton; 15s.), is of more direct use to the tourist. Whether such a visitor wishes to find his way about Edinburgh or to stand on the field of Prestonpans he would be well advised to have this book in hand. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE big surprise of the British Championship this year was the success of P. H. Clarke, the nineteen-year-old London University student gifted with a temperament one does not usually associate with hair tingeing towards sandiness.

Here is the game in which he crushed last year's South of England champion, A. H. Trott:

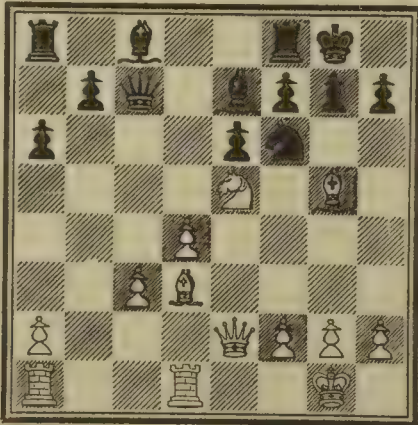
White	Black	White	Black
A. H. TROTT	P. H. CLARKE	A. H. TROTT	P. H. CLARKE
1. P-QB4	Kt-KB3	3. Kt-B3	P-Q4
2. Kt-KB3	P-K3	4. P-Q4	P-QB4

After Black has played ... Kt-KB3, he can make this move without the risk of White isolating one of his pawns.

5. BP×P	Kt×P	7. B-Q3	Kt-B3
6. P-K3	Kt-QB3	8. Castles	P×P

White happily accepts the isolated pawn on Q4 for the compensation he has in the easy development of his queen's bishop.

9. P×P	B-K2	13. Kt-K5	P-QR3
10. Q-K2	Castles	14. B-Kt5	Kt×Kt
11. R-Q1	Kt-QKt5	15. P×Kt	Q-B2
12. B-QB4	Kt(Kt5)-Q4	16. B-Q3	



White's offer of the pawn is purely speculative; I can find no cast-iron refutation of 16. ... Q×P. An adventurous player might take the pawn and chance the consequences after, for instance, 17. B×Kt, B×B; 18. Q-K4, P-KKt3; 19. QR-B1, Q-R4, etc. But P. H. Clarke prefers to keep his feet on the ground and develop his pieces ...

16. B-Q2	19. Q-K4	P-B4
17. QR-B1	B-R5	20. Q-R4
18. R-Q2	Kt-Q4	21. R-K1
		Q×P

... and what dividends his restraint has paid! He captures the pawn in infinitely more favourable circumstances. From now on, White is engaged in a desperate attempt to hold his game together.

22. Kt-B4	B-B8	23. R×B
-----------	------	---------

Or 23. R(Q2)-K2, B×B; 24. Q×B, Q×B—a piece up.

22. Kt-B4 B-B8 23. R×B

Or 23. R(Q2)-K2, B×B; 24. Q×B, Q×B—a piece up.

23. Q×Rch	25. R-Kt2	P-B5
24. B-B1	B-Kt4	26. R×B

What else can he do, in face of the threat of 26. ... B×Kt and 27. ... Q×B mate? He might resign, of course—but did Britain resign after Dunkirk?

26. P×R	27. Kt-K5	Kt-K6!	
A beautiful <i>coup de grâce</i> .			
28. P×Kt	P×P	30. K-R2	R-R8ch
29. P-KR3	R×Bch	31. K-Kt3	Q-K8ch

At this stage White lost by exceeding the time (2½ hours) allowed him for his first forty moves. To meet the requirements of the time-control he would have had to make nine moves in less than a second—and in a hopeless situation!

Where lies the Land
to which yon Ship must go?
Fresh as a lark
mounting at break of day,
Festively she
puts forth in trim array;
Is she for tropic suns,
or polar snow?



What boots the enquiry?
-Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her
travel where she may,
She finds
familiar names, a beaten
may
Ever before her,
and a wind to blow.

William Wordsworth, 1807

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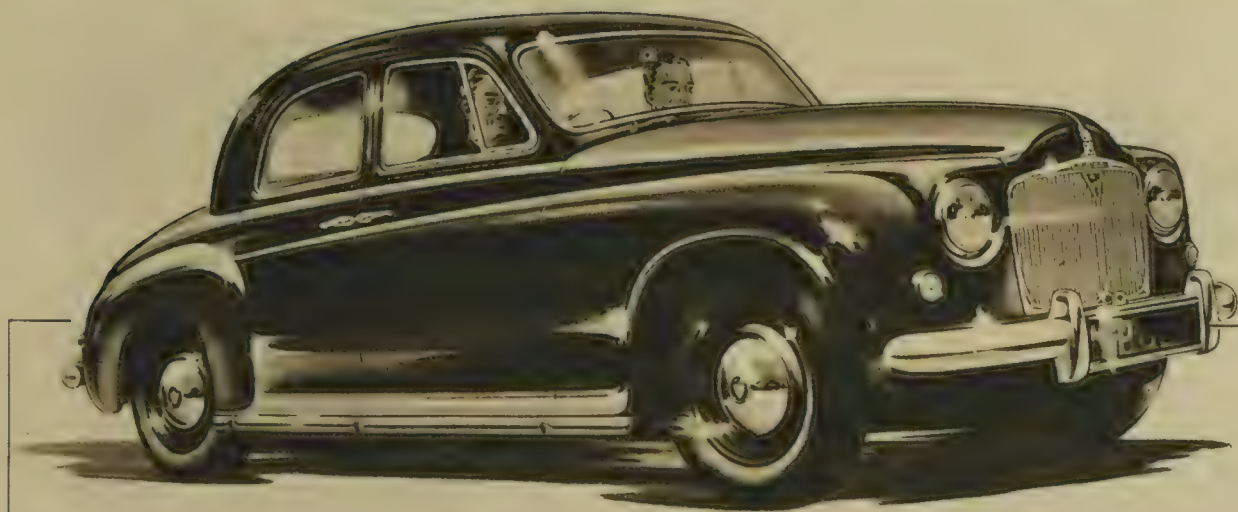
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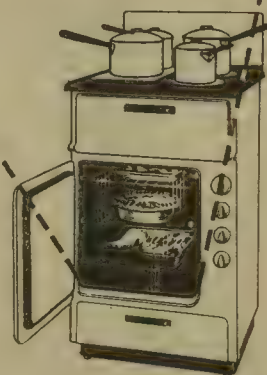
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